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The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VII. BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, JANUARY 2, 1880. NO. 32

FREAKS OF ELECTRICITY.

THE VOICE OF THE WIRES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

General Grant the Coming Man---Ben Butler denies connection with the Maine troubles---The Murderous Utes holding out.

(Special Dispatch to The Tribune)

FIXED FOR GRANT.

ST. PAUL, Dec. 31.—It is stated that Don Cameron, Conkling and Sherman met at Philadelphia recently and fixed the various northern state conventions for delegates to the Chicago convention to be held in February, to assure Grant delegates.

SENATOR STEWART'S COSTLY MANSION in Washington burned last night,

GRANT

left Washington yesterday; stopped at Fredericksburg and Richmond and was enthusiastically welcomed.

SHUT OFF THEIR MAIL.

The Postmaster General has forbidden the delivery of mail matter to bogus stock firms in New York, who have been reaping enormous profits from country speculators. The principal names of the firms are Lawrence & Co., Adams, Brown, & Co., Jordan & Co., Barnes, Garrison & Co., all meaning Dead Buckwalter. The discovery of the fraudulent methods of the firms was made by Anthony Comstock.

SAW MILL EXPLOSION.

Four men were blown to pieces at Calf Creek, Ark., by the explosion of a saw mill.

SECRETARY SCHURZ

does not believe Hatch in danger. The last news from the commission was dated the 25th when they left for Chief's Peache at that time the probabilities of war were very great

IRISH AGITATORS.

A part of the Irish agitators committee arrived at New York yesterday, Dillon & Matthews by name.

BUTLER DENIES.

Butler, emphatically denies any agency in the Maine difficulties. Arms were removed from the arsenal at Bangor yesterday to Augusta without opposition, though the people gathered in crowds to watch the proceeding. Garcelon says the removal was made to test the people of Bangor. A Democratic mass meeting was held in Portland last night to support Garcelon.

ANOTHER ATTEMPT.

The King and queen of Spain were fired on by a young man yesterday but not hit The assassin was arrested.

LATER DISPATCHES.

ST PAUL Dec 31, 6 p m.—The sleepers on the eastern express from Chicago, due at Minneapolis at 7.30 this morning, were thrown from the track at Menlota and carried down a sixty foot embankment to the river. No one was killed though six or eight passengers were severely injured

ARRESTED FOR LIBEL.

Deacon Richard Smith, of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, was arrested for libel on a warrant sworn out by chief of police Wappenstein. The cause was an article in the *Gazette* charging Wappenstein with complicity with gamblers. Smith was released on his own recognizance

GREAT FIRE.

Twenty streets containing twenty-three hundred houses, burned at Hockodate, Japan.

HOW VERY KIND.

Gov. Garcelon agrees to submit some of Merrill's questions to the supreme court. The others are refused because of a mixture of fact and supposition.

DEATH OF A COUNT.

Count Johannes died yesterday.

ONE OF THE RING.

Fred R Smith, Tammany Democrat, has been appointed to succeed the late recorder Hackett.

Amusements.

Among the leading holiday attractions has been the performances at the Opera House. Manager Whitney is entitled to much credit for the bringing together of so much talent Prof. Stone, the new violinist, and cornet soloist, is very fine, and his wife, Miss Emma Wells, is a lady of rare musical accomplishments. There are few better singers than she in the country. O'Hara is a young actor with a promising future. His make-up in "Aurora Floyd" was nearly perfect. Miss Peasley is the best jig dancer seen upon the stage in this city for a long time. Maude Granger and Libbie Marcetta continue to please and are first-class artists. Germain and Hayden and Tommy Levard are also deserving of much praise in their various specialties. On the whole this week's entertainment has been the best ever given in the city.

Masonic Election.

At the regular meeting of Bismarck Lodge No. 120 A. F. & A. M., held in their hall on Monday evening, Dec. 21, the following officers were elected to serve during the ensuing masonic year: John Davidson, W. M; L. N. Griffin, S. W.; O. H. Beal, J. W.; S. H. Marshall, Treas.; Jos. Hare, Secretary. The brethren now have their lodge room beautifully carpeted and furnished. The emblematic carpet adds largely to the appearance and comfort of the lodge room and a fraternal invitation is extended to all master masons in good standing to visit the lodge and to feel at home there.

A Reminescence Somewhat Personal

Lieut. R F. Jacobs' turn for promotion has come at last and he succeeds Lieut. Bronson, retired, as First Lieut. Co "G" 6th Infantry. The writer had the pleasure of meeting the Lieut. yesterday in company with Lieut. Nicholson. Jacobs tells a story in relation to Col. Lounsberry, of THE TRIBUNE, which may be of interest, and we trust our readers will excuse us for re-producing it. Lounsberry, in 1863, was a lieutenant in the 20th Michigan Infantry, which, under the command of Col. Jacobs, (Lieut. Jacobs' father), of the 9th Ky. Cavalry, fought John Morgan at Horse Shoe Bend, (Cumberland River) Ky. Lounsberry had been sent out the afternoon before the battle with half a dozen scouts and meeting Morgan in force he was wounded and captured, his party loosing one killed and one captured beside himself, while the rebels lost Capt. Slaughter, of Ky., killed, and one mortally wounded. The fighting was almost hand to hand and all of the four who stepped from the timber into the highway, fell, two killed, one mortally and one seriously wounded. Lounsberry was treated like a prince by his captors, though, as he wore no insigna of rank he was supposed to be an enlisted man One of Morgan's captains was cashiered for stealing his boots and hat, and a revolver was twice drawn in his defense by his captor to protect him from the insults of camp hangers on—the only persons wearing a soldiers garb who insult a fallen foe He remained with the rebels three weeks and finally coaxed two of them to desert and inform Col. Jacobs as to his whereabouts and condition. The Colonel at once sent a force to his rescue, drove the rebels back and met them under a flag of truce in front of the house where their prisoner was located, and after a few moments parley exchanged a sack of salt for him. Arriving at Jamestown, Kentucky, he met a telegram from Gen. Burnside, tendering him a leave of absence, and on arriving at Louisville the first familiar faces he met belonged to the deserters who had secured his release. They were under guard but were at once paroled. The skirmish in which Lounsberry was captured was followed by a battle between the 20th Michigan, a part of Col. Jacobs' regiment, and a section of artillery—two guns on the Union side, and seven regiments of Morgan's command on the rebel side. The latter were repulsed with a loss or upwards of four hundred killed and wounded. The Union loss was forty-four After this battle, on the 10th of May, 1863, Morgan rested a few weeks, deferring on its account his intended raid into Indiana until about the 1st of July. On the 4th of July his force struck the 25th Michigan Infantry, commanded by Col. Orlando Moore, now Maj. 6th U S. Infantry, at the proposed crossing of the Green River. Morgan was in force; Col Moore had but a handful of men and Morgan laughed at the idea of that force causing him any serious trouble. He demanded an unconditional surrender. Col. Moore replied that such a proposition could not be thought of on the 4th of July and intimated that if they wanted a fight they only had to begin it. They did, but wished they hadn't when forced to retreat with a loss of several hundred. Col. Moore's gallant band held the fort. Sergeant Wm. Gleason, of Lounsberry's regiment, now in the city, commanded a squad of artillerymen under Col. Moore in the latter engagement and won promotion in the first

Edison's Electric Light.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

Edison's electric light, incredible as it may appear, is produced from a little piece of paper, a tiny strip of paper that a breath would blow away. Through this little strip of paper is passed an electric current, and the result is a bright, beautiful light like the mellow sunset of an Italian autumn. "But paper instantly burns, even under the trifling heat of a tallow candle!" exclaims the skeptic, "and how then can it withstand the fierce heat of an electric current?" Very true; but Edison makes the little piece of paper more infusible than platinum, more durable than granite. And this involves no complicated process. The paper is merely baked in an oven, until all its elements have passed away except its carbon framework. The latter is then placed in a glass globe, connected with the wires leading to the electricity-producing machine, and the air exhausted from the globe. Then the apparatus is ready to give out a light that produces no deleterious gases, no smoke, no offensive odors—a light without flame, without danger—requiring no matches to ignite, giving out but little heat, vitiating no air, and free from all flickering; a light that is a little globe of sunshine, a veritable Aladdin's lamp. And this light, the inventor claims, can be produced cheaper than the cheapest oil.

It is to be hoped that the trains will run more regularly hereafter so that THE TRIBUNE may come out on time.

A HAPPY, HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A LIST OF THOSE WHO RECEIVED CALLERS.

How the day was spent---Beautiful weather and a general good time---The city quiet with but little boisterous proceedings.

THE ADVENT OF LEAP YEAR.

The holidays have come and gone, and Leap Year, 1880, has been ushered in. The citizens of Bismarck celebrated quite extensively, but the city has been peaceable throughout. Last New Years eve, poor Brooks was shot in a Fourth street disorderly ball. This year scarcely a drunken man was seen, and some of the saloon-keepers closed their places to spend the day with their families. The day was a beautiful one. The wind which come from the south-west was like spring, and the snow on the housetops and sidewalks vanished in the warm rays of the sun. Callers were out in force, and the air vibrated with the gingling of the many sleigh bells.

BISMARCK'S HOSPITALITY.

The following is taken from *The New Years Call*, published the day before New Years, for the benefit of those intending to make calls:

"Bismarck is noted for its hospitality as well as for the vigor of its general health, and the vim of its business men. While society people are not very numerous, they are genial and open hearted and delight in those things that make life enjoyable—that make it worth while to live. The custom of making New Years calls was adopted in the early days of Bismarck and has been followed with unabated interest from that day to this. Business houses have been generally closed and all or nearly all who care for society, and whose surroundings will permit them to entertain their friends keep open houses on New Years and citizens and neighbors are brought nearer to each other and are happier and better for it.

Mrs. H. R. Porter, assisted by Mrs. Geo. H. Fairchild, Mrs. W. B Shaw and Mrs. P. M. Eckford, will receive at Dr. Porter's residence.

Mrs. Wm. M Pye, assisted by Miss Maggie Powers and Miss Bell Bird, at her residence on First street.

Mrs. E M. Brown and daughter, Loo Loo, assisted by Mrs. Arthur Linn, at residence on Third St.

Mrs. W. H. Sumpson, assisted by Miss Eva Loomis, at their residence on Thayer street.

Mrs. C. S. Weaver, assisted by Mrs. F. J. Call, Mrs W. C Stevens and Mrs. Lindsey, at her residence on Thayer street.

Mrs. Wm. A. Bentley and daughters, assisted by Mrs. C. A. Lounsberry, at their residence on Third street.

Mrs. Robt. Macnider and Miss Jessie Macnider, at their residence on West Main street.

Mrs. J. G. Miller, at her residence on West Main street.

Mrs. J. H. Marshall and Miss Nellie McDonald, at their residence on Third street.

Mrs. J. P. Dunn, assisted by Mrs. Thos. Van Etten, at her residence on Meiggs street.

Mrs. Morford and daughters will receive at their residence on Prospect Heights.

Mrs. J. W. Raymond will not receive. A telegram was received this morning announcing the death of Capt Raymond's father at his home, last evening.

Mrs. Mayor Peoples, Mrs. Col. Bull and Mrs. W. B. Marston are to ill to receive.

Mrs. Justus Bragg is too ill to receive. Her son, Walter, who has been seriously ill, is also still suffering though improving rapidly.

Mrs. P. H. Seims, Mrs J. A. Stoyell, Mrs. G. P. Flannery, Mrs B C. Ash and Mrs. W. B. Bell preferred not to receive owing to the absence of their husbands.

Mrs. Col. Sweet is absent. Called east to attend the funeral of her father.

Mrs. Asa Fisher and daughter Mrs. E. L. Strauss, Mrs. Major Kirk, Mrs. Lieut. Grimes are spending the winter east.

Mrs. W. B. Watson regrets exceedingly that her time is too much occupied at the close of the year with the work of the Treasurers' office to permit her to devote the day as she would gladly do under other circumstances to her friends.

Several other ladies would be glad to receive if their surroundings would permit. In several cases they are without proper domestic help, in other cases they are deficient in room.

Mrs. J. B. Bailey has just returned from the east and is unsettled. Mrs. J. E Olds is also unsettled, having just broken up house keeping preparatory to a visit east.

Miss Edith Leisure will spend the day with friends at Ft. A. Lincoln.

Limited space prevents extended notice. The calls were unusually pleasant for the gentlemen, not that the ladies were unusually entertaining, but—they made it pleasant and the gentlemen commenced "A Happy New Year" indeed. There was little change from the above programme. Miss Greene received with Mrs. Weaver in place of Mrs. Stevens, who was unavoidably detained at home. Mrs. Van Etten was too ill to receieve and Mrs. Oscar Ward, Mrs. Henry Suttle and Mrs. T. P. Davis recieved with Mrs. Stimpson.

Red Ribbon.

Another enthusiastic meeting of the Red Ribbon Temperance society was held in Champion Hall on Monday night, Dr. B. F. Slaughter presiding. After the opening religious services a very fine original poem, written by her for the occasion was read by Mrs. Slaughter. Dr. Bentley recited the "Rum Maniac" in a masterly style. Wm. Gleason made an eloquent speech, appealing to all present to sign the pledge. Dr. Bentley reported in relation to the Reading Room in a concise business manner, and then his full, warm heart carried him off into a rousing temperance speech. Mr. Bell talked to the boys and many signed the pledge and are hoping for salvation from the demon drink. The exercises were enlivened by the singing of several fine pieces by the children who acquitted themselves finely. The strength of this movement is in its foundation—the Christian religion. God will help those who ask him. The next meeting will be on Monday night next at Champion Hall, when Mrs. Slaughter, by special request, will read her poem.

Emmons' Boom.

Editor Tribune;

Mayor Peoples, like the great Captain Grant, having signified his intention of declining patriotically a third term, you will please announce my name as a candidate for mayor at the ensuing election in the City of Bismarck. My platform is: Issue bonds in aid of a reservoir and water works; build a market house; charter a gas company, in other words let the future metropolis move on. Gentlemen of aldermanic proportions, magnificent, pondorous and stupendous ideas, will please come to the front in the different wards in the city and join my boom for 1880. Public improvement means stability to our city and prosperity for the people.

JAS. A. EMMONS.

The Bismarck Gentleman.

[Black Hills Times.]

A gentleman from Bismarck by the name of Rowland came in on a visit, and after taking in the mines, big mills, signal station and our new Potter press, stepped down to the Bismarck stage office for the purpose of having a little conversation with his friend Rudy through the telephone. Supposing it operated like an old fashioned grain cradle, he took off his coat, spit on his hands and tackled it. He placed the wrong end of the trumpet to his mouth and gave a yell that startled all Chinatown, and immediately got his ear down to the other end of it. It kicked back, or the echo did, and split his ear wide open. He don't want any more telephone in his.

Semi-Annual Invoice.

Yesterday W. B. Watson began taking his semi-annual invoice of stock, and commenced selling all kinds of ladies heavy dress goods, knit jackets, hoods, shawls, furs, etc., etc., at very reduced prices, in order to reduce his present large stock of winter goods. His many friends are invited to call and examine the stock, and as the prices are exceedingly low they cannot help but be pleased. Mr Watson has one of the largest stocks of dry goods ever brought to this city. He also makes a specialty of fine ladies and childrens' shoes.

Re-Opened.

Dan Eisenberg wishes to state to his former friends and patrons that he has re-opened for business in the rear of the Star Clothing House, on Fourth street, where he hopes to see and thank them for their kind assistance in saving his goods at the late fire. He has one of the largest and most complete stocks of Dry Goods, Ladies and Gents' Furnishing Goods, etc., ever brought to the Northwest. His notion department is especially fine, many of them being obtained purposely for the holidays. Remember the place, rear of Star Clothing House.

Complimentary Benefit.

The friends of J. B. Bailey and wife, who being uninsured, lost almost everything in the last fire, have tendered them a benefit ball to be given at Champion Hall on the 8th inst. Old and new settlers, steamboatmen and railroad boys, Democrats and Republicans—and all men with hearts are invited. Tickets will be placed on sale at Hollemback's, at Dunn's drug store, and at Joseph Hare's restaurant. Supper will be prepared at the residence of R. R. Marsh, corner of Fifth and Meiggs streets.

Four Men Frozen.

Last week was a hard one on the extension. Con Casey, a saloon-keeper at the end of the track, was frozen to death and the day before Christmas three others. Dave Hall, John Gallagher, and John Monahan were found frozen stiff near Young Man's Butte. They were attempting to walk to the end of the track from the Bad Lands. They had considerable money on their persons. Their bodies were burried near the Butte.

THE CITY OVER THE RIVER.

A TOWN LESS THAN A YEAR OLD WITH 500 INHABITANTS.

Nearly $20,000 Worth of Railroad Land Sold in and About Mandan This Season---The Business Men and Prospects of the City.

MANDAN.

As evidence of the enterprise of the west the litile village of Mandan across the river is a striking illustration. One who has not visited the place since last summer can hardly realize the extent of the improvements during the season Main street is indeed a marvel. Nearly every lot is now covered with a good substantial building, constructed with an eye to increased trade. The back streets where last year the antelope and badger used to frolic unnoticed by man, are now lined with elegant residences, some of them as cheerful and inviting as any in Bismarck. Around the town in every direction the prairie is speckled with diminutive farm houses. Mandanites are not asleep. They simply rest with one eye open. The number of real estate transfers is by no means a small item. Mr. Bowen, agent for the Northern Pacific lands in this section, has sold

NEARLY $20,000 WORTH OF PROPERTY

in and about Mandan. The business men who have settled and are daily settling in this rising city are men of means; they will not have to undergo the hardships that Bismarck's pioneers went through They come with thousands to back them, and full stocks of goods. The leading merchants of Bismarck came here destitute, many of them striking the town without a cent and others on foot. Through their enterprise and hard work, Bismarck is now known and respected throughout the country. If Bismarckers accomplished this despite the disadvantages they underwent, what cannot Mandanites do in same length of time with everything in their favor. Though Mandan can never be the city that

BISMARCK MUST NECESSARILY BE,

yet she must, by force of circumstances, become a city of no inconsiderable dimensions. Her business men, as well as those of Bismarck, are live, energetic men, and will not allow an opportunity to pass them that tends to the advancement of the city's interest. They have already organized a Hook and Ladder Company, are digging wells and otherwise protecting themselves against fire. They are even talking water works, the town being handsomely situated for the reservoir system. The high bluffs overlooking the city are but three blocks from Main street and a mile and a half from the river The scheme is to put them in next season—when they expect the city to double her population and become a power that will give them back their freedom from Burleigh's chains and allow them to organize in any shape they see fit. A good sized depot has been built, together with several freight houses, and an engine house of two stalls. Two or three good sized hotels have been erected and over $100,000 has already been spent in improvements Mandan has a future as well as Bismarck and would, but for geographical disadvantages, become a rival of Bismarck, the first city, barring Deadwood, in importance in the territory.

Encouraged.

J. B. Bailey, of the firm of D. I. Bailey & Co., extensive hardware dealers recently burned out in this city; arrived Saturday in answer to a dispatch imparting the sad intelligence received while seeing the sights in New York City. Mr. Bailey had not been east before for over twenty years. While in Chicago on his way here he was greeted warmly by the different firms with whom he had done business and was offered any assistance they could give, which means a pretty solid backing in the way of furnishing a new stock. He now has a temporary building nearly completed on the old site. A new stock of goods is on the way and a large portion of them are now at the ware-house. He will be open for business to morrow and will be the first to re-commence on the ground of the recent fire, though the last to begin rebuilding.

Sold for Debt.

The personal effects of the Hon. Ansley Gray (late of the territorial house of representatives) was sold Monday by the sheriff to satisfy the claim of McLean & Macnider. His household goods were very fine, and sold well, Mr. Raymond being the principal buyer. His library of two or three hundred choice works was sold to O. H. Beal for $84. No young man ever had a more promising future, with the assistance of a beautiful and accomplished wife, than Ansley, but the habit of drink weakened his mind and shattered his constitution. It is reported, however, that he has reformed and is now delivering temperance lectures at Eau Claire, Wis. The trunk containing his wife's trinkets was not sold and will be sent to her soon.

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ON THE WAR PATH.

Alarming Reports from the Utes—Hatch Retiring and the Red Skins Preparing to Assume the Offensive—A General Massacre of Whites Predicted—The Story Discredited by Secretary Schurz.

DENVER, Dec. 28.—A special to the *Tribune* from Los Pinos, dated the 25th, represents that the situation is very serious there. Hatch was to have started from Los Pinos yesterday and spend to-night at Cline's ranch on the Cimarron. On the 30th he started from there to Alamosa, which is the last railroad station. Hatch has given up all hope of securing the Indians, and as his departure is tantamount to a declaration of war, much anxiety is felt as to his fate. There are several hundred braves near Los Pinos, and the whites all told will not number twenty-five. The roads are blocked with snow and only passable for light buckboards, and the Indians have the whites completely trapped. Those in the bowl are Hatch, Valois, W. F. Sanders, of Virginia, the Denver *Tribune* correspondent, fifteen soldiers and the agency employes. Gen. Adams is in Denver. It is believed that the troop of cavalry under MacKenzie, stationed at Fort Garland, has been ordered to make a forced march to Los Pinos at once. but they cannot get there before the Indians attack unless Ouray succeeds in keeping them quiet a little longer. Ouray, Animos City, Silverton and other cities are greatly exposed. The White River Utes have consumed all the stores taken from the White River Agency, and are eager to make an attack upon the Los Pinos Agency. If Hatch has left without the Indians it is considered certain that the war will open at once. The Indians will strike the first blow as they have everything their own way at present owing to the removal of the troops to distant points.

DISCREDITED BY SCHURZ.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 28.—Secretary Schurz says that the dispatch credited to the Denver *Tribune*, in which failure of negotiations with the Utes is predicted, is not at all in harmony with advices which he has received from Gen. Hatch. He belives th a portion of the murderers have already been iven up, or at least Ouray can lay hands on them. As to that chief's feigned misunderstanding of the terms of surrender the secretary says this is but a phase of Indian cunning, which must be anticipated. The government, he said, did not expect the Indians to give themselves up without making half a dozen attempts at dicker, with a view to improving their condition. As to what the government will actually do if the Utes do not surrender, Mr. Schurz declined to give any opinion, but the inference to be drawn from what he said is that in case the Indians persistently refuse to surrender the extreme rigor of the law will be invoked, even to the length of of pursuing them into their fortresses with United States troops.

MILLIONAIRES' MANSIONS.

Residences in Course of Construction for the Vanderbilt Family—Imposing and Costly Structures.

The Vanderbilt family are providing themselves with sumptuous new residences. The plans, which were filed in the department of buildings to-day, set forth that Cornelius Vanderbilt will construct one house which will cost him $750,000; William K. Vanderbilt one the expense of which will be $200,000, and William H. Vanderbilt, two together, which will aggregate $700,000—in all, $1,650,000. The most costly one, that of Cornelius Vanderbilt, will be Nos. 742 and 744 Fifth avenue. It will front 125 feet on Fifty-seventh street, where the main entrance will be, and will have a depth of 100 feet. From its foundations it will have a height of 109 feet. The main building will be four stories. The marble front will be in the Elizabethian style, richly ornamented with carvings. Viewed on the Fifty-seventh street side the edifice might be supposed, from the drawings, to be an art gallery, or a club house, or a church, according as one looked at different parts of it; but taken as a whole it will be imposing, perhaps beautiful, and certainly one of the most noteworthy private dwellings in New York. William H. Vanderbilt's residence will be on he corner of Fifty-second street and Fifth avenue. It will be much less pretentious than the residence of his brother. William H. Vanderbilt proposes to construct two buildings together—one a very large single house, which will cost $400,000, and the other a double house, of exceedingly ingenious arrangement, which will cost $300,000. The two buildings are practically to be one, since they will have a common entrance from Fifth avenue to a grand vestibule and corridor uniting them. For the purpose of this grand double building the entire block on the west side of Fifth avenue, from Forty-First to Fifty-Second streets, is taken. That portion which Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt himself proposes to inhabit, and which is to cost $400,000, will have a lot frontage of 103 feet and depth of 153 feet, upon which the actual building will be 81 feet by 150 feet. The height of the building, basement, three stories and attic, will be 63 feet six inches, and the roof will be flat. The front will be of Connecticut brown stone, with Corinthian columns by the windows. On the first floor are parlor, sitting-room, and two reception rooms, all of which can be thrown together, giving a space of 39 by 69 feet. Across the hall will be a picture gallery 32 by 48 feet, and two stories high. At the end of the hall will be a dining room 23 by 28 feet, with behind it the butler's pantry, silver safes, closets, cloak room, and a smoking room. In the second story will be a parlor 22 by 23 feet, a conservatory 15 by 40, and two stories high, and four chambers, each with bath and dressing rooms en suite. In the third story there are to be five suits of rooms.

WICKS made of spun glass have been tried in lamps, and it is said they do very well. It is said that they supply the petroleum, oil or alcohol to the flame with more steadiness than the ordinary wick; that they secure a clear and pure light at a less expense of fuel, and that they diminish the usual unpleasant odor.

Wit and Humor.

A clergyman out in Chicager,
Cribbed a sermon he hadn't orter,
And when he had read it,
His audiance said it
Was little better'n dishwater.
Moral—Steal sermons of the olden time,
And preach them with a silvery chime

The donkey is a pretty bird,
So gentle and so wise;
It has a silky little tail
With which to frisk the flies
Upon its head two ears it bears,
So silky, long, and soft,
That, when its tail can't reach the flies.
The ears can whisk them off.

Hard to beat—boiled eggs.

The latest thing in boots—stockings.

The Alumni—graduates of the alum works.

Let who is without shins throw the first stone.

Curiosity about trifles is a mark of a little mind.

If you let a man loan he will let you alone—for a long time.

Where there's a smoke there's some fire, but very often mighty poor tobacco.

What is that which was never seen, felt, or heard, and yet has a name?—Nothing.

Instead of calling your silver-haired friend an old dog, why not hail him as a gray-hound?

Dr. Franklin says: "If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it from him."

When you have occasion to utter rebuke, let your words be soft and your arguments be hard.

A critic said of a stupid writer: "He takes the pinions of one goose to spread the opinions of another."

Young ladies think they Miss it by not, and many a married lady thinks she Mrs. it in being married.

A shrewd Yankee has invented a patent ice cream freezer, which he calls the "Charles Francis Adams."

Customer to the proprieter of a hat store: "What is the price of this style, please?" Hatter: "This tile, sir, is worth four dollars."

The Syracuse Courier has a two-column account of a rising young man. What did he sit down on?—Waterloo Observer: Perhaps it was the wind.

Dublin is not the only city of whose society Lever's couplet holds true:

"Fighting like devils for conciliation,
And hating each other for the love of God",

A precocious youth, prompted by an unpleasant recollection of the last term, says that school teachers are like dogs, they "lick your hand."

Junior to Professor (after recitation:) "I think I was right at that part where you corrected me." Professsor (finding that it is so): "Well, it does not matter, since I marked you above average."

Quaint old Fuller says: Let him who expects one class of society to prosper in the highest degree, while the other is in distress, try whether one side of his face can smile while the other is pinched.

"Mother, why does pa call you honey?" "Because, my dear, he loves me," No, ma, that isn't it." "What is it, then?" "Why, it is because you have so much comb in your head, that's why."

"Ah, Louise, my heart is very despondent. Ever since I have gazed into the depths of those lovely eyes I—" "Hush, John, put an air break on that train of thought. Pa has introduced me to his new partner and I am his for $2,000,000. That settles it.'

A GENTLEMAN named Dunlop remarked he had never heard his name punned upon, and did not believe it could be done. "There is nothing more easy, sir," remarked a punster. "Just lop off one-half of the name, and it is Dun."

Sir Walter Scott used to tell a story of a woman in Fife, who, summing up the misfortune of a black year in her history, said, "Let me see, sir; our wee callant, and then Jenny, and then the coo died too; poor hizzy; but, to be sure her hide orought me fifteen shillings."

You made a fool of me," said an irritated man to his wife, "and that's the way you got me to marry you." My love," sweetly responded the wife, "you do yourself an injustice; call yourself a fool it you please, but remember that you are in all respects a self-made man."

A person looking over a catalogue of professional gentleman of the bar, with his pencil wrote against the name of one who was of the bustling order: "Has been accused of possessing talents." Another seeing it immediately wrote under: "Has been tried and acquitted.

Georgie is five years old. His mother had undressed him for a bath before putting him to bed. As he stood before her he said: "Now, mamma, I'm a kid.' "Yes dear," said she. "You know what kind of a kid I am?" "No, darling." "Well, na kid." His mother thinks that is good for a kid of his age.

A Romantic Diner.

He rambled into the restaurant with a smile on his face, which seemed to indicate to the crowd that his soul was made of the perfume of roses, and that his nature was soft and sweet as June sunshine.

The waiter walked up to him after he was seated, and said:

"What'll ye have, sah?"

"Give me a sea-loin rare, and plenty of gravy."

"We don't keep dem, sah"

"Then I'll take some nightingale soup, but be sure there are no feathers in it."

"Did you say clam soup?" inquired the waiter awkwardly.

"No, sir, I didn't," responded the other with some warmth: "I ordered nightingale soup sansailes."

"Don't keep it."

"Have you any reindeer jelly?"

"No, sah"

"I should very much like some giraffe stew."

"We ain't got none."

"Well you may bring me some lizard fritters."

"Dey ain't down on de bill."

"What kind of a place is this, anyway. You don't keep any of the delicacies to the season. I'm an operatic composer. I am, and can t eat any of your ordinary stuff."

The waiter then pushed the bill before him, and he said:

"You haven't even gold-fish omelettes, eh?"

"No, sah."

"Well, then, bring me a plate of pork and beans for satisfaction."

The beans were brought to him, and a moment after he commenced to devour them, he called the waiter and inquired:

"Will you bring me an extra napkin?"

The napkin was brought, and he had not eaten two mouthfuls, before he called the attendant back and carolled:

"I am really sorry to disturb you, but won't you go over to the window, and see if it looks like rain?"

The waiter did as requested, and he no more than got back before the guest inquired:

"Won't you please hang a table-cloth around my neck, and allow it to meander down the back of the chair, it always makes beans taste better to me."

"I can't do it, sah."

"Then I must request you to stop that bird singing. I can never enjoy a meal while a bird is singing his stereotyped melody around."

"I can't stop the bird."

"Then I'll stop eating. I'll take these beans along with me, and eat them down in the City Hall Park where there are no birds to bother me."

He then bagged the beans and went solemnly on his way.

Population of Africa.

We cannot hope for many years yet to have anything like accurate statistics on the population of Africa. Several regions, the population of which is certainly great, will probably long escape anything like a thorough examination. There are, for example, in the regions of the great lakes, countries quite as thickly populated as many of the states of Europe. Stanley tells us of countries of relatively small extent, and which yet possess millions of inhabitants. When we shall have succeeded in making an approximate census of all the populations, we shall probably reach a figure considerably higher than the present estimate. Some authorities accord to Africa not more than 100,000,000 of inhabitants; others still less. German geographers suppose that Africa contains somewhat more than 200,000,000 of inhabitants; the latest English publications estimate the population at 186,000,000, which, for an area of 11,500,000 square miles, gives an average of sixteen inhabitants per square mile, or a specific population eleven and one-half times less than that of France. Africa, which has fifty-seven times the area of France, has probably scarcely more than eight time the population. The suppression of the slave trade, and the influence of European civilization, may lead to an increase of population very rapid and very great. It should be observed that the approximative figure of the specific population, applied to the whole of the African continent, will not give a just idea of the compact character of the populations of the interior. According to Behna, the negro regions are by far the most populous parts of the continent. If the populations are sparse in the desert parts, they are very dense in other regions. Thus, in the Soudan the population is estimated at 80,000,000, or about 53 per square mile; the town of Bida, on the Niger, has a population of 80,000 inhabitants. The population of East Africa is estimated at about 30,000,000, and that of Equatorial Africa at 40,000,000. One of the latest authorities divides the population of Africa as follows among the great families into which ethnologists have divided the people; Negroes, 130,000,000; Hamites, 20,000,000; Bantus, 13,000,000; Fulahs, 8,000,000; Nubians, 1,500,000; Hottentots, 50,000. This would give a total population of 172,550,000. These figures are, of course, only approximate, and may be much modified by new and more precise information. The Bantus, for example, who, according to F. M. Muller, form at least one-quarter of the population of Africa, might be found to number 50,000,000. These data we take from a paper by M. A. Rabaud, in the *Bulletin* of the Marseilles Geographical Society.

A New Hampshire Man a Russian Admiral.

How a Meredith boy became a Russian Admiral makes an entertaining romance. The son of the Rev. Simons Finley Williams, a celebrated Massachusetts clergyman, called to Meredith in 1790, ran away from a Laconia employer because the latter thrashed him for spending his evenings with the girls. He took also $300 belonging to his chastiser, who pursued him to Portland, reaching there two days after the youngster had shipped on a Russian bark. The vessel was attacked by pirates, but the boy of 17, with the assistance of two sailors, mounted an old swivel, filled it with iron scraps, and sank two boat-loads of buccaneers, thus saving his ship. For this the Czar trained young Villiams up in the royal navy, of which he became the head, his title being Count Zincherschoff. He subsequently visited this country and paid the Laconia man his $300 and interest, all in gold, saying he should return to Russia an honest man.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

Vegetation on the Earth.

The densely-luxuriant tropical plants, with their lofty palms and wilderness of creepers; the more open woods of oak, elm or pine, and the plains of grass or heather of temperate climes; the mosses and lichens of the far north, and the millions of minute algæ on fields of snow; the enormous masses of marine plants, and the multitudinous green threads of every pond or rivulet, are one and all continually engaged during the hours of daylight in tearing from the atmosphere its carbon, and in sucking from the earth or sea its water (with the mineral substances dissolved in it), in order to build up new masses of organic substance from these purely inorganic materials. The quantity of living matter thus daily formed may be truly termed enormous. The dry land of the earth's surface is estimated at 22,392,430 square miles. Let us assume that of this 15,000,000 square miles (or a little over two-thirds) are clothed with vegetation—neglecting altogether the vegetation of the ocean—and let but the 365th part of an inch be the growth of this surface daily, and every year will be formed a mass one inch thick and 15,000,000 square miles in extent, which would make a solid cube of vegetable matter about fifteen miles in extent in each dimension. It is thus no wonder that we should have accumulations of vegetable debris in the form of coal in some parts of the world (as in Pennsylvania), which may be in alternating beds seventy feet in thickness, and extending over an area larger than that of Yorkshire. The wonder, at first sight, is rather that the size of the solid earth does not, in succeeding ages, notably increase at the expense of its fluid and aeriform matter. But fast as organic matter is thus accumulated by so enormous and incessantly acting a manufactory, its fabric is nevertheless much like the web of Penelope; for close upon life follows death, and with the death of all organisms, their substance (by decomposition) returns again for the most part (as water, carbonic acid, ammonia and various gases, etc.,) to that organic world whence it was originally derived.

"HOW TO tell bad eggs," is the title of an article in an exchange. When you have anything to tell a bad egg, you must be careful not to break the shell while imparting the information.

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THE TURKEY'S LAST REQUEST.

Now hark ye, merry gentlemen,
And hush your foolish squabbles
And listen to the turkey, when
His last request he gobbles;
The scanty time I have to live
Is spent in observation;
So pray you, gentlemen, forgive
The turkey's dissertation.

I do observe among you all
A selfishness surprising;
You're satisfied when others fall,
And envious when they're rising;
This wicked world a barn yard is,
And, when a corn shower rattles,
Each craves a share that is not his,
And with his neighbor battles.

The jaunty fowl with head in air,
He crows in exultation
The rest a look of meekness wear,
And fawn in a fixation
But let misfortune clip his wings,
Ye meet him with suspicion
And every friend the whisper flings
That wafts him to perdition

O! petty race of greedy men
That kill great New Years eve,
Does conscience never prick you when
You see the way you're living?
How many of you spend your days
In honest cheery labor?
Whose head upon his pillow lays
At peace with every neighbor?

You're merry when the skies are fair,
Your selfishness pursuing;
Your charity is cold and spare
And left to mother doing,
What care you for the poor man's lot,
Or for the widow's sighing?
The mournful sound ye hear it not
Of orphan children crying.

To day my coat is old and brown,
My gait an awkward hobble,
Mong barn yard fowls I seem a clown;
My voice is but a gobble
But when upon your board I lie
In golden yellow glory,
With fragrant incense steaming high,
Then don't forget my story.

O! petty race of greedy men,
When I have died for others,
Pray think upon your duty then
To all your suffering brothers!
Above your head the skies are fair,
O'r yonder roof they're murky;
I beg you'll send my drumsticks there,
And please the martyred turkey.

RAY'S ONLY LOVE;

BY LILIAN IRVING.

The opening exhibition of the Art Society was crowded that day. The long room, with its wealth of painting and statuary, seemed a temple fit for the gods, and the public, in all their various ways, were enjoying it. For the public of our period are much concerned with things artistic, and take art exhibitions as a natural part of their daily bread, an inalienable right of their inheritance.

Ray Converse was sauntering dreamily about the room, passing a few idle hours, more for the sake of passing them than for any very absorbing appreciation he felt just then for the treasures of art surrounding him. Once he had cared for these things so much. He thought of it now half-sadly, half-amused, as we sometimes turn back to look at our past selves as at another individual. That was in the days he had known Genevieve Kelsey. He had cared for her, too, with that silent, absorbing, passionate devotion of his which was a part of his nature. She did not herself realize the depth of his love, though she was more near to responding to it than she knew, till Ralph Eveleth came in her way and had seemed to strangely fascinate her. He was a handsome man—a man of society, who seemed *blase* with the world, who was accustomed to have his own way, and who had run the whole scale of enjoyment—perhaps of dissipation. Yet he was refined and gentlemenly, and—only the All-seeing eye could tell how—he and Genevieve Kelsey seemed strangely attached from the first.

When Ray Converse first found that he could not win this fair woman he let go all the strands that had made life beautiful to him and went out to the far West. He had been roughing it there for ten years. During that time life had been one stern reality to him. Yet, with its gleams of finer things, he learned to love the symphony of color when the sunset fires burned low in the west with such tints as never an artist's brush had caught; the purple hue that stole softly over mountains and plains enfolded him in its hush of peace. The stars that shone above him were not purer than his life, nor colder; for no woman's touch could set his pulses thrilling. How could it, after he had known Genevieve Kelsey?

It had been a fancy of his to pass the New Years' Eve of this year at home among the quiet Kentucky hills, and now, within a few hours' journey, he was detained in St. Estavenne by missing a train. Ah! he little dreamed what destiny meant when she sent that train without him.

The city life surged about him with its bitter-sweet memories and associations. His thoughts strayed unaccountably backward. Some spring of memory was touched, and long-silent melodies flowed forth.

His half-dreaming thoughts were suddenly arrested by a face, before which he paused in sudden eagerness. It was a medallion, a woman's face wrought in marble. There was no mistaking that face—the sight of which thrilled and touched him with all the old nameless magnetism. He turned to the catalogue, but the number was only entered as "A Sketch," but he knew it was the face of Genevieve Kelsey. In almost less time than it could be told he was on his way to the studio of the sculptor who had modeled the sketch. Some sudden prophetic instinct stirred within him and impelled him with a wild eagerness of hope. In all these years he had not heard of Miss Kelsey. He did not know, he did not want to know, anything of the old life, since she would now make life bright for him. He had taken it for granted, indeed he had vaguely heard, that she had married Eveleth, and further he never inquired. But some intuitional hope, for whose existence he could not account, hurried him out into the chill gray of that November afternoon. The brief glow had already faded into the dull twilight, and the gas was lighted here and there as he hurried through the crowded streets. A chill wind sprung up from the east. A city, like an individual, has her own moods and tenses, and if one lingers long within her gates one comes to individualize her. St. Estavenne had changed to Mr. Converse since he entered it that morning, and he journeyed on with but one thought in his mind. Was he near Genevieve Kelsey? He felt that consciousness of presence which is to us all an ever-old, ever-new miracle.

The picture of that night when he had seen her last came vividly before him. By the right of his own love he had entreated her to tell him if there was no hope, if she were irrevocably pledged to Ralph Eveleth, and she had given him all her confidence.

"I know all his faults," she had said, "but I love him."

"But, my darling, he is so utterly unworthy of you," he replied, thinking of her happiness before he thought of his own. "Oh! my love, you will have a hard fight it is once linked with his. If he were worthier you than I, I could give you up. If I could bear it all for you—your pain without mine—God knows I would. But it will come to you alone, love, when you are his wife, and I can have no right to comfort you. Perhaps there will come a time when you would even rather have my tenderness than none."

Genevieve looked at him almost uncomprehendingly.

"Why, I love him," was all she said, and he saw her again as she sat there in the deep embrasure of the window seat—a petite, dainty woman, "made of spirit, and fire, and dew," with some subtle charm of her own that no words could catch. Her beauty depended much upon expression—glaring, fading, luminous, evanescent—as cloud pictures, yet marvelously lovely with vivid lights gleaming in the thoughtful eyes and lips, whose glow of coral rivaled the rose tints of the sweet, spirited countenance, framed and shadowed by clouds of soft-falling dusky hair, among whose soft tresses his fingers had caressing strayed.

In those days he always thought of her as the one fair woman who was to make life fair to him, and through all the dreary years that followed his love for her was so strong that it held him always high and pure. Perhaps, after all, he had been hasty in thinking she had married Mr. Eveleth, he thought, with a wild gleam of exultant hope. Why had she ever cared for Ralph Eveleth? The question came again to his mind, and was as unanswerable as it had been when he first asked it ten years ago. In fact, her friends all asked this when Miss Kelsey seemed to be drifting on to that fateful crisis of her life.

Even those who did not know her very well felt it would be to her one life-long tragedy; not, perhaps, in outer trial, but in inner endurance.

An ordinary woman might have been very happy as the wife of Ralph Eveleth. Even a woman of superior endowments, if her nature were strong and self-centered, and if not too fine a fiber, might have found life satisfying to her at his side. But Genevieve was not a strong woman. She was just a gifted, sensitive, highly-wrought girl, with infinite possibilities in her nature—both ways. A woman of a singular earnestness of purpose, of a clear brain, of a warm, loving heart. Delicately responsive as was her nature, to every surrounding influence, she could not live her highest life with Ralph Eveleth. She was too receptive, too generous, too sympathetic not to be tinged by the color of the atmosphere in which she lived.

Mr. Eveleth was not wholly a bad man—indeed, he had many elements of superiority. He was a man of rather brilliant intellect, but fatally weak in moral power—a man to always do the thing that at the time seemed easiest without much care how it affected his own future or that of others. He lacked steadfastness and energy of purpose.

Miss Kelsey was a new revelation of womanhood to him. He had not the delicacy of insight to fully appreciate her rare gifts, or to comprehend her tender sweetness, but he admired her brilliancy, and resolved to win her for his own.

But there were depths in her nature he had never sounded—chords whose melodies his touch could never waken; there were forces all undreamed of by him. Some day, Ray Converse had then said, these forces would stir and demand their fruition, and in that day the tragedy of living would come upon her.

And so it was that he had trembled for Genevieve's future when he saw her gravitate to Ralph Eveleth. He did not think that her higher nature consented to it. And in that he was right, for she went on as one borne by an irresistible fate. But the crisis in her fate came sooner than Mr. Converse could have foreseen.

There had been some kind of an early promise between Genevieve Kelsey and Ralph Eveleth, which he went out into the world and held lightly, and which she held sacredly in her heart. She was so true in her nature that she only measured him by her own pure constancy. In those years her strongest tie to him, perhaps, was her consciousness that he had need of her, and it was in this perfect unselfishness of her nature that the trouble came. For the love of one will not make sacred a bond that demands for its perfection the love of two. In these first days of sunny sweetness she did not question much of life. She was satisfied in being. Vague desire touched her at times, as she watched the sunset fires burning low in the west, and the artist's creative fire stirred in her. But its forces were to wait for other years.

At times she was a curious compound of undeveloped impulses and powers. The unrest of genius was upon her, and touched and swayed her with its half-heeded upliftings. She had a vague consciousness of waiting for some touch that should crystallize the half-real dreams and half-dreaming realities that made up her life; some event that should interpret her to herself.

The event came. Ralph Eveleth's letters suddenly ceased. A silence that neither thought nor words could break fell between those two who had promised to walk the paths of life together.

For months Genevieve Kelsey wrestled singly and alone with a sorrow that was as the very depths of the Dark Valley to her. It seemed as if her strength could no longer avail, and she yielded for a time to the constant, dumb anguish of patience.

Then came other days. Youth and hope are strong, and the forces of her character asserted themselves. It was then that that rare courage and sweetness that characterized her rose to determine and shape her life. It was this subtle fineness and strength of her nature that Ray Converse had felt in her, and which had always so appealed to him. In many ways he knew her better than she knew herself. In his heart he always carried her sacredly, and he consecrated to her the deepest reverence of his nature. Half unconsciously he sometimes felt that the time would come in her life when she would have need of him, and he held himself pure and strong above his pain for this time.

So absorbed was he in all the scenes which memory had carried him backward that he reached the studio of which he was in search with a feeling of surprise.

The crimson curtains were closely drawn, and the sculptor sat alone among his marbles. These men touched common ground at once. St. John had all the keen instincts that are the birthright of every artist, and he understood the silent intensity of Mr. Converse's feelings when he asked who was the subject of the artist's sketch.

"It was modeled from the face of a young lady friend of mine—Miss Kelsey," politely replied St. John, and the face of Mr. Converse grew luminous.

"Will you permit me to ask her address, sir? She is an old friend of mine," he said, and, penciling the number and street St. John gave him, with a hearty clasp of the sculptor's hand he bade him good-evening.

"Genevieve has never married Eveleth," was his one thought; "please God, she may be my Genevieve yet."

Miss Kelsey sat alone that Thanksgiving eve. The east wind had kept its promise, and a cold rain had set in—one of those dreary, dripping, despairing rains, that have no beginning and no ending—so Genevieve had said to herself, as her thoughts kept rhythmic time to the measured beat of that despairing storm. A vague restlessness had taken possession of her that evening. It was a new thing for her to yield to it. Eight years of life, crowded with work, had somewhat modified the old girlish enthusiasm of her nature. For it was eight years since Ralph Eveleth had drifted out of her life. She had grown to look calmly at the old sorrow and comprehend that it were best; to feel that she had grown stronger and purer, and that it is but a moral degradation for a woman to love what is unworthy of her love. She thought of the words:

She cannot look down to her lover, her love, like her soul, aspires.
He must stand by her side, or above her, who would kindle its holiest fires.

For two years she had trusted Ralph Eveleth; she had hoped against hope; she had believed in him and suffered by him as only a loving woman can suffer. Unasked, her heart made all the excuses for him. She placed him always in the mental perspective of a good light. She was patient and tender, and at last when the bitter knowledge was forced upon her that it was all in vain, that the man she loved had no existence save in her own idealization of him, she had felt that life, in its best sense, was over for her; she was not much given to the consolation of poetry or philosophy, but in all those dark, despairing days a line of Mrs. Browning's haunted her:

And having missed some personal hope,
Beware that thus I miss no reasonable duty.

In work and in living in other lives Miss Kelsey strove to forget the past—no, not to forget—but to overlay it with earnest, genuine living. She would not be warped or harrowed by suffering—God had made her too noble for that.

Of the silent intensity of the love Ray Converse had for her she had never fully realized. Absorbed in her thoughts of another she failed to comprehend all he had endured, when he felt that for her happiness he must leave her. Afterward she had cause to know how tender and steadfast was his love, and sometimes it rested her to remember it. She thought how happy must the woman be whom his love enfolded, for that he had married she never questioned.

Now she knew that the highest love of her life had never been given to Ralph; that he had not the power to call it from her.

These eight years of her life in St. Estavenne had been years of earnest work in her art. Two days in each week she received her pupils in painting; others she worked in her studio. This last year the silent intensity of her nature had found expression in a book which had met a success that surpassed her highest expectations. This book was the inevitable outgrowth of all she had lived through, for to the artistic nature expression is a necessity. Nothing could have more conclusively proved how she had outgrown her love for Mr. Eveleth than her power to write this book, with its rare analytical characterization. All that had died in her heart lived on her brain with added force.

Miss Kelsey wondered why life looked dreary this evening. She had become quite the center of a charming circle of people, all of exceptional gifts and culture, and both artists and authors sought her continually. The innate joyousness and elasticity of her nature shone through the earnestness of real rank like a light through alabaster. The woman was still as fresh and simple as the child. The years of discipline had perfected her character into rare loveliness, and her manner had a nameless magnetism, felt by all. One could not know Miss Kelsey without giving her the poet's tribute:

All hearts grew warmer in her presence,
As one who, seeking not her own,
Gave freely for the love of giving,
Nor reaped for self the harvest sown.

But to-night life looked dreary to Genevieve, and she faintly wondered what she should do all the long, lonely winter so near at hand, thinking with a despairing thrill of pain that life had grown colorless, and she could not endure it any longer. To this there succeeded a state of repressed excitement. The rose-flush deepened in her cheeks, and there was a new sparkle in her eyes. She felt a presence of unknown happiness.

There came a ring at the door, and a voice in the hall. But she sat quite still on the low seat in the south window, where the faint odor of the ferns breathed a subtle fragrance. The footsteps came nearer. There was a knock at the door.

Miss Kelsey could not herself have told what followed. She only realized half an hour later that Ray Converse was beside her; that his arms enfolded her, and that his eyes were bent low upon the pure, patient beauty that sorrow had chiseled in her face. There was more than the old girlish loveliness of feature and color. The girl's eagerness had not faded, but the woman's power was there—the woman's longing and earnestness—for Ray had told her what his coming meant. He held her in his arms, and kissed again and again the tender, clinging lips—the flushing, paling face; and he told her the story of his years of love in words of passionate intensity. He told her how, when all was dark, the thought of her was still the inspiration to live not unworthily of her, and now that his need of her must be met, and they would go out together into the joy and fullness of a new life that should be a perpetual one of love. And Genevieve listened to the words that thrilled every chord of her being; listened as only a woman who has suffered and triumphed and loved can listen to the words that first satisfy her heart. Ray loved her; what more could she ask?

"And now, my darling," he said—"my own patient, loving little girl—you will promise to be mine to-morrow. I cannot part with you again, dear. Life is too short to lose one hour of its happiness. Let to-morrow be, indeed, the Thanksgiving of our lives."

There was a quiet, beautiful bridal the next day. No one knew just how it came about, but all the circle of friends who had held Genevieve so dear grouped in the pretty studio where she had wrought out so many lovely fancies, and there were flowers and music and tender kisses after the sacred rites were said, and the light of an ineffable peace was on the face of the lovely bride, and perhaps there were never purer prayers than those that followed Genevieve Converse by all who loved her and who knew waht New Year's Eve brought her.

Her Age.

There is a good deal of amusement in the following table of figures It will enable you to tell how old the young ladies are. Just hand this table to a young lady, and request her to tell in which column or columns her age is contained; add together the figures at the top of the columns in which her age is found, and you have the great secret. Thus, suppose her age to be 17, you find that number in the first and fifth columns; add the first figures of these two columns. Here is the magic table:

1	2	4	8	16	32
3	3	5	9	17	33
5	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	37	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	
63	63	63	63	63	

CUSTOMER to proprietor of hat store—"What is the price of this style, please?" Hatter—"This tile, sir, is worth $4."

A TALENT without a tact has been said to be like a fiddle without a fiddlestick.

GEO. G. GIBBS & CO.,
PIONEER
BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP
Corner Third and Thayer Streets,
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None but the best of workmen employed, and we challenge competition.

EMANUEL C. BROHOLM,
BOOTS and SHOES,
Fourth St., opposite Bismarck Hotel.
Fine Custom Work made to Order
in all the latest styles and warranted. Use the best of stock in all custom work. A specialty made of
NEAT REPAIRING.
My motto is "Good Work at fair prices." 12m1
BISMARCK, D. T

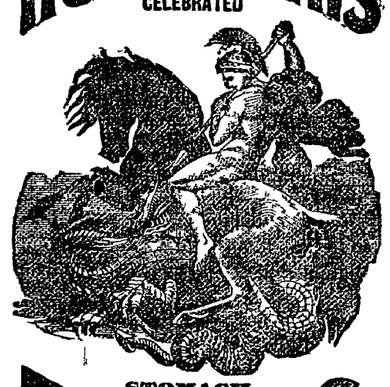
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WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS AND BILLIARDS,
AT THE OLD STAND, MOORHEAD, MINN.
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Mixed Paints Always on Hand
Shop on Sixth Street, near Main.

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HARNESSMAKERS & SADDLERS,
DEALERS IN
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COMBS, ETC. ETC.
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STABLE,
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Buggies and Saddle Horses for hire by the day or hour at reasonable rates.
My Buggies and Harness are new and of the best manufacture and style, and our stock good. Parties wishing teams for any distant point can be accommodated at fair rates.
My stable is large and airy, and accommodations for boarding stock the best in the country. 39-3m

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BITTERS
The Stomach is Strengthened,
The liver regulated, the bowels put in proper order, the blood enriched and purified, and the nervous system rendered tranquil and vigorous by this inestimable family medicine and safeguard against disease, which is, moreover, a most agreeable and effective eppetizer, and a cordial peculiarly adapted to the wants of the aged and infirm.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally

THE NEW LE BON TON
Sample Room
ANE
BILLIARD HALL.
Choice Wines and Cigars always in Stock.
E. Drewey's Celebrated
Ales and Porter
Always on Draught. Opposite the Post Office, Main Street. Bismarck, D. T. 127tf
JOS HARF, roprietor

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C. A. LOUNSBERRY, Publisher.

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"	Three Months - - - -	75

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Local business notices, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Original poetry, $1 per line.

All bills for Advertising will be collected monthly.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

MASONIC.

The regular communications of Bismarck Lodge No. 120, A. F. & A. M., are held in their hall on the first and third mondays of each month at 7 p. m. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited.
JOHN DAVIDSON, W. M.
JOSEPH BARE, Sec.

I. O. O. F.

The regular meeting of Mandan Lodge No. 12 I. O. O. F., are held in Raymond's Hall every Tuesday. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited.
WM. A. BENTLEY, N. G.
S. T. SIMONSON, R. Sec.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Rev. J. G. Miller, B. D. Rector. At the Rector's residence. Blessed Sacrament on all Sundays and other Holy Days of Obligation at 11 o'clock a. m. railroad time; Sunday School and Even-Song at 2 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Services every Sunday, at the City Hall, at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School immediately after the morning services. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. J. M. BULL, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Corner of Thayer and Second St., Rev. W. C. Stevens, Pastor. Sabbath services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at the close of the morning service. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Seats free. Young people's class at 8 p. m. Monday; Prayer meeting at 7 p. m. Wednesday at the pastor's residence.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

On the Northern Pacific mail arrives daily, Sundays excepted, at 7:15 p. m. Leave daily, except Sunday at 7:45 a. m.

Leaves for Forts Stevenson, Berthold and Buford every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a. m.; arriving every Monday Wednesday and Friday at 3:30 p. m.

Leave for Forts Yates and Sully and all down river posts daily, except Sunday, at 6 a. m.; arriving at Bismarck daily except Sunday at 8 p. m.

Leave for Fort Keogh and Miles City and all points in Northern and Western Montana daily, except Sunday, at 8 a. m.; and arriving at Bismarck daily except Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Leave for Deadwood and other points in the Black Hills daily at 8 p. m.

Registered Mails for all Points Close at 5 P. M. Office open from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. On Sundays from 7 to 9 a. m., and 4 to 6 p. m.

THE devil ranks with the editor-in-chief of the Deadwood *Times*.

IT isn't the liquor law that is troubling the Maine politicians now.

JUDGE WOODRUFF ought to be the register of the new Grand Forks land office. Is there a second to this motion?

JUDGE BENNETT will introduce the bill immediately after the holidays for the creation of the Territory of Pembina from the northern half of Dakota.

A. J. TRUMBULL, of the Fire and Marine Insurance Company, of St. Paul, is in the city adjusting the losses resulting from the late fire. The companies are sick of their business at Bismarck and seriously think of cancelling their policies. Six per cent will not go hereafter at any rate.

A STATEMENT is going the rounds of the Dakota press, from the Fargo *Times*, to the effect that the Coulson line own the Bismarck TRIBUNE. If the Coulsons have any interest in THE TRIBUNE beyond the subscriptions for the two copies of the paper they take and pay for THE TRIBUNE does not know it.

DR. LAW, the brilliant conversationalist, tireless mining editor, wealthy miner and excellent gentleman, passed east on some mining scheme interest this week. The Black Hills will hear from him to their advantage during his brief visit east. Col. C. W. Carpenter and six other hardy souls came in with him from Deadwood during the cold week.

THE records of observation made at the Signal Office in this city, since September 1874, show last month to have been the coldest December yet recorded, and the lowest temperature that occurred in that month to be colder than any extreme in any other month or year. The mean temperature, however, was not the lowest; as in January and February, 1875, it averaged considerably lower or was actually four to six degrees colder.

THE coldest weather on record in the United States is reported at Pembina last week—fifty-nine below. Fifty-two below is reported at Fargo. At Bismarck the coldest record was thirty-eight below. At Bismarck in the storm early in the month the thermometer registered eighteen below, while at Fargo it touched forty-three. A decided difference in favor of Bismarck. The difference is still more marked as you go west on the line of the North Pacific. At the western end the winter becomes almost a rainy season.

THE question of water works is still before the council, action having been deferred until next week in order to enable the water company to lay before the council a copy of their certificate of organization, and to put in definate shape their proposition for water supply.

In the next TRIBUNE we hope to lay before our readers some facts of interest in relation to this subject—hope to be able to show the contract made by St. Paul and perhaps other cities, with the water company, and prove how reasonable the proposition of the Bismarck company is.

We wish to say that the impression which some have sought to give that the only object of this company is to secure an issue of city bonds without any consideration, and to secure without a disposition to use it, the charter for the work, is unjust. These people are not a set of horse thieves and no men in the city have at heart the best interests of the city and the people more than they. They ask aid, it is true, but they offer a consideration so valuable in return that it will be very unwise for the city to refuse their proposition.

That the city needs water none will dispute. A dog, even, can scarcely obtain sufficient water for a drink without the favor of some one who buys his supply. One coming to the city with a transient team cannot get water for his animals without buying it or feeling that he is imposing upon the good nature of some one of the half dozen owners of wells. Ten barrels of water in the last fire would have saved thousands of dollars, and if water for fire protection is not provided the time will come when nothing but ashes will be left of the present proud and prosperous business portion of Bismarck, and suffering nearly as great as that felt by the writer on an occasion when he would have given life, even, for a glass of water, will follow. During the severe weather of last week people would have suffered for water but for the snow. Money would not buy water enough for ordinary purposes, while it is impossible to obtain water for filling cisterns.

In view of these circumstances some scheme ought to be adopted for supplying water, and in view of the scarcity of water it is no wonder that the insurance companies threaten to cancel their Bismarck policies.

As Col. Thompson wisely remarked the other evening, those who suffered in the first fire have about recovered and those who suffered in the last will recover, but what would have been the effect on the Malloy Bros., on Dunn, Yegen and others, had the fire not been stayed and had there been a breath of air stirring it would have been impossible to have prevented the destruction of their property a second time within two years.

CAPT. BARR says that the best route for a railroad from the Missouri river to the Black Hills lays further up stream than any of the surveyed lines on the divide north of the Cheyenne river.—*Sioux City Journal*.

Wonder if John don't mean from Bismarck.

WONDER if Gen. Grant knows of the Fargo *Argus'* support. It is stated that the General is in private communication with "Cactus" on the territorial question, but his name has not yet been mentioned by the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press* correspondent.

A voice: 'Who's a liar?' The young man of the Fargo *Times* or Capt. J. C. Barr." *Echo* 'Both!"

THE Deadwood *Pioneer* calls Alex Stevens' head the skin of a bean.

Personal.

Mrs. Justus Bragg is ill, but not dangerous.

J. G. Kurtz returned from the east Wednesday.

C. F. Walker, of Fort Berthold, was in the city this week.

Walter Bragg, who has been sick for some time, is again on the streets.

Lieut. Mann left Saturday morning for the east. He has a four months' leave.

Paul Murphy, of the Macleod, is in the city. Paul is hard to beat on the river.

Agent Davidson, of the N. P., spent the holidays with his family at Brainerd.

John Davidson returned Wednesday from his holiday visit with his family at Brainerd.

Dr. Bell, who is here awaiting transportation, has been assigned to Ft. Buford from Meade.

The smiling countenance of Capt. Wm. Badger was noticed yesterday on the streets.

Wm. Alden, of the Ft. Peck Indian agency, is in the city. The red skins are reported all quiet.

W. B. Bell, the popular cashier of the Bank of Bismarck, returned from his eastern visit last night.

J. K. Wetherby left yesterday morning to attend court at Fargo. He has charge of the Eclipse cases.

Mr. and Mrs. Busse, the recently burned out restauranteurs, have gone east. They may return soon.

John Leasure, the popular young clerk at J. W. Raymond & Co's., went east Saturday for a three weeks' visit.

Gov. Howard had a sudden attack of neuralgia of the heart in his office in Yankton last week. He is now improving.

W. H. Hurd, of the Sheridan House, received a beautiful silver watch as a Christmas present from some unknown admirer.

Lieuts. Ewers, Wheeler and Baldwin, of General Miles' staff, arrived from Fargo last night on their way back to their post. Gen. Miles went east to remain during the winter. Brugier, the scout, in whose defense these gentlemen testified, was acquitted of the charge of murder, for which he was being tried.

Lieut. Leggit, of Fort Keogh, is on his way to Philadelphia to spend a couple of weeks.

Dr. Law, an enthusiastic champion of the Hills, arrived in this city Monday, leaving on yesterday morning's train.

Dr. G. Williams and Peter Johnson, of Fort Yates, arrived in the city Saturday. Williams goes to Washington to do a little wire-pulling.

C. W. Carpenter, secretary and treasurer of the N. W. E. S. & T. Co., arrived from the Hills Monday and left for St. Paul yesterday morning.

Col. Moore is not anxious to leave Bismarck so long as he can listen to such a high grade of music as is furnished by the Opera House orchestra.

Major Jack Carland, of Capt. Baker's company, the 6th Infantry, leaves for the Little Missouri this week. He didn't want to go, but his country calls him.

Aug. J. Bowie, Jr., manager of the Father De Smet mine, left for the Hills yesterday. Bowie has a salary of $15,000 per year besides many side speculations.

Major R. S. Gardner, ordered to Lost Pinos agency some weeks ago, has been ordered back to Fort Berthold, and goes up to-day to again take charge of that agency.

Lieut. Nicholson, the wiry young man who floored Maj. Reno, is still in the city and enjoying himself. He will leave for Meade when the weather moderates.

Sig Hanauer, the popular clothier of this city leaves Monday for Germany and a tour of the old country. Sig has the best wishes of the whole community for a safe and enjoyable trip.

J. S. Plants, of the firm of Day & Plants, this city, went east Saturday to visit his home in Ohio. If he comes back before going to Kansas to see "Susan" then THE TRIBUNE is very much mistaken.

Dr. Porter is at Fargo, as a witness in the Tracy case. His wife expected him home yesterday, but he telegraphed his inability to come before to-morrow. If he doesn't come then his next season's clothes will be sent him.

Lieut. C. S. Gurley, that Fort Stevenson curiosity, after a successful trip in the states, returned to Bismarck last evening. How long he will remain depends upon the manner in which the boys handle him. He is labelled, "with care." The sheriff at Sioux City has telegraphed his arrest for talking four men to death.

Lieut. R. F. Jacobs, Jr., and Dr. Chas. Richard arrived Wednesday night from Ft. Buford after a ten days' siege. All of their party were more or less nipped by the frost. Col. Moore and Dr. Bell will use the transportation outfit to return to Buford soon. Dr. Bell relieves Dr. Richard and Lieut. Jacobs receives his promotion and will be stationed at Fort Lincoln.

Johnny Rea's Nightmare.

[Deadwood Pioneer.]

Our valued and variegatedly-talented friend, Rea, of the Fargo *Times* and St. Paul *Pioneer-Press*, seems haunted by a Spencer ghost, kicked by a Spencer nightmare, tormented by Spencer "fiends and goblins damned." It is a Spencer dagger that he sees ever before him, a Spencer skeleton, tied together with rusty wires and cotton strings, daggles perpetually on his moral closet walls; and Spencer Calibans, gnomes, elves, witches, wraits, satyrs, fetiches, and editors, a ghastly and grisly crew, beset him to right, to left, behind and all around. Spencerian locusts and lizards, barrels and booms pour down upon his phantasmagoric vision, as erst they did upon the unsanctified Egyptian. Spencerian hop toads, straddle bugs and horse-hair spider-legs maddeningly titillate, sleeping and waking, the end of his spiritual proboscis. Spencerian serpents and hoodoos hiss and squirm along his every emotional pathway. It is a case that calls for sympathy and for tubsful of crocodile tears.

Let Edwards, mounting the big red Jersey-wagon and steam threshing-machine that serves him scantly for an editorial chair, wave a canonicied Milwaukee beer-bottle thrice above the perturbed head of our unhappy brother; shake nine green cock's-combs and ninety-and-nine solemn pewter dollars-of-the-daddies before his eyes in a fine frenzy rolling; and touch a hartshorn barrel of savory bosh seven times to the tip of his tail and picturesque left ear, muttering all the while potent incantations memorized verbatim from the literary ends of Chinese tea-boxes; and peradventure the fit, the fierce foray of paroxysmal phantasy, may leave him, weak and pale it is true, and pity it is that it is true, but with his non-compos-mentis-ness all gone, vamoosed like the mists of the morning before the orient sun all absquatulated, mizzled in prairiebus, up stumpibus, non-come-atibus, forever and forevermore, world without either end, so be it. Dakota cannot spare him yet. He must be cured. Spencer has gone, and all the snakes are in his boots.

N. B. HARWOOD & CO.,

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.,

DRY GOODS

AND

NOTION JOBBERS,

Tents,

Wagon-covers,

Tarpaulins & Awnings.

We have the best Water Proof preparation in the world Send for price list

ROYAL BAKING POWDER



Absolutely pure—made from Grape Cream of Tartar, imported exclusively for this Powder from the wine district of France. Always uniform and wholesome. Sold only in cans by all grocers. A pound can mailed to any address, postage paid on receipt of 60 cents. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 171 Duane St., New York. Most cheap powders contain alum; dangerous to health; avoid them; especially when offered loose or in bulk.

Just Received

at J. C. Cady's, pretty and servicable holiday goods, ladies' and children's willow chairs, cribs, doll cradles, toy furniture setts, sleighs, nobby rocking horses, etc. Call and examine my goods at Cady's Furniture store, Third street, Bismarck.

HARDY FRUITS

OUR SPECIALTY.

Largest and Best Assorted Stock of Hardy Trees in the State.

A FULL LINE

Of everything desirable New Farms and Nurseries furnished with the best of Stock at low Prices

OUR NEW SIBERIANS

Furnished Choice Eating and Cooking Apples, Sweet and Sour, Summer and Winter, to suit every locality Send for Descriptive Price List

Local Agents Wanted Everywhere.

J. C. PLUMB & SON,
Green Hill Nurseries,
13 Milton, Wisconsin.

Proposals for Court-house and Jail.

NOTICE is hereby given that sealed proposals for building a court-house and jail in accordance with the plans, specifications, and details now on file in the office of the County Clerk of Burleigh County, at Bismarck, D. T., will be received until January 1, 1880, at 8 P. M.

Bids will be opened and passed upon by the Board at their regular meeting, the first Monday in January, 1880. Each bid must be accompanied by a bond in the sum of $5,000, conditional that the bidder will enter into a contract, with approved security, in accordance with the plans, specifications and details, in case his bid is accepted. Not more than one-half the payment for the construction of said building can be made until the contract shall be executed and the building completed to the satisfaction and acceptance of the Board

The building must be completed by September 1, 1880.

The building will be of brick.

The Board of County Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the Board of County Commissioners.

J. H. RICHARDS, Clerk.

Bismarck, D. T., Aug. 21, 1879. 13-3 mo.

COUNTY CLERK'S OFFICE,
BISMARCK, D. T., Dec 5, 1878.

SEALED PROPOSALS will be received by the Board of County Commissioners until the first Monday in January, 1880, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the building of a bridge across Apple Creek on the line dividing Sections Four and Nine in Township 138, Range 79, immediately on the east side of the quarter-section corner dividing said sections; said bridge to be built in accordance with the plans and specifications now on file in this office.

By order of the Board of County Commissioners,

E. N. COREY,
28-31 Deputy County Clerk.

MANDAN COLUMN.

P. O. CHILSTROM FRANK J. MEAD.
CHILSTROM & MEADE— Attorneys at Law, Mandan, D. T.

Northwestern Hotel,

P. H. BYRNE, PROPRIETOR.

First-Class Accommodations.

This House sets the best table of any hotel in Mandan and its sleeping apartments are also superior.

AUSTIN LOGAN.

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES

and

BAKERY.

Third Street, Bismarck, D. T. The choicest goods at the lowest prices. 15tf

Wm. Glitschka,

Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Candy, Fruit, Crockery Gass Ware,

and Stoneware. Opposite Post Office. 4

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co. Portland, Maine.

Legals.

DEFAULT having been made in the conditions of a certain Mortgage, whereby the power of sale therein contained has become operative, made and executed by Louisa Wells, of Bismarck, D. T., to Ernest Beker and by him assigned to James A. Emmons, bearing date May 11, 1878, on which said mortgage there is due at the date of this notice, Four Hundred and Ninety-six dollars.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the Power of sale in said Mortgage contained and of the Statute in such case made and provided; the Sheriff of Burleigh county or his Deputy will sell at Public Auction to the highest bidder on Saturday the 17th day of January, A. D., 1880, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day a the front door of the City Hall in the city of Bismarck, the premises described in said mortgage or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the sum of Four hundred and ninety-six dollars and the sum of Fifty dollars Attorney's Fee, provided for in said mortgage, together with the costs allowed by law Said above mentioned premises being described as follows:

Lots Thirteen, (13) Fourteen, (14) and Fifteen, (15), in Block Seventy-six, (76), according to the recorded plat thereof of the town of Edwinton, now on file in the office of the Register of Deeds of Burleigh county, Dakota Territory, otherwise known as Williams' survey of the east half of the North east quarter of Section Four in township one hundred and thirty-eight, of Range eighty; together with all the appurtenances thereto belonging.

Dated Bismarck, D. T., Nov. 26, 1879.

JAMES A. EMMONS,
Assignee of Mortgage.

D. O. PRESTON,
Attorney for Assignee. 27-33

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, In Justice's Court, County of Burleigh. } Before Geo. H. Glass, Justice of the Peace.

P. M. Granberry and P. Leo, copartners, doing business under the firm name and style of Granberry & Leo, Plaintiffs, vs. Mary Brown, Defendant. SUMMONS.

The Territory of Dakota sends greeting to Mary Brown, Defendant:

You are hereby summoned to appear before me, at my office, in said county on the 10th day of January A. D. 1880, at 10 o'clock a. m. to answer to the complaint of the above named plaintiffs, Granberry & Leo, who claim to recover of you the sum of Thirty-Eight Dollars and Seventy-seven Cents as principal and interest for goods, wares and merchandise sold and delivered to defendant by plaintiffs at defendant's request. And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer said complaint as above required, said plaintiffs will take judgment against you for the said amount of Thirty Eight Dollars and Seventy-seven Cents, together with costs and damages

Given under my hand this 24th day of November, A. D. 1879.

GEO. H. GLASS,
Justice of the Peace within and for Burleigh County, D. T.

A. D. PRATT, Att'y for Plffs. 27-33

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, Burleigh County, } ss. In Probate Court. Special Term, Dec 15, 1879

In the matter of the estate of Mary J. Lambert, late of Burleigh County, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of S. F. Lambert, stating that Mary J. Lambert, late of the County of Burleigh, died testate at the city of Bismarck, in said county of Burleigh on the 5th day of October, 1879, and whereas, said petitioner has presented to this court an instrument in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of said Mary J. Lambert, deceased, and has applied to said Probate Court that a day be appointed for hearing the proofs of said will and testament. It is ordered that said petition be heard before the Judge of said court on Monday, the 5th day of January, 1880, at two o'clock in the afternoon of that day at the office of the Judge of Probate in the City of Bismarck, in said County of Burleigh, and it is further ordered that notice of said hearing be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing in THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE, a newspaper printed and published at Bismarck in said county of Burleigh.

Dated at Bismarck in said County of Burleigh this Fifteenth day of December 1879.

[SEAL.] EMER N. COREY,
THOMAS VANETTEN, Judge of Probate.
Attorney for Petitioner. 30-33

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BALLAD OF BLUE CHINA.

There's a joy without canker or cark,
  There's a pleasure eternally new
'Tis to gaze on the glaze and the mark
  Of china that's old, and that's blue;
Who'd have thought they would come to us, who
  That o'er loot of an empire would hang
A veil of Morrisian hue,
  In the reign of the Emperor Hwang?

These dragons—their tails, you remark,
  Into bunches of lotus-flower grew—
When Noah came out of the ark,
  Did *these* look out for his crew?
They snorted, they snapped, and they flew;
  They were mighty of fin and of fang,
And their portraits Celestials drew,
  In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

Here's a pot with a house in a park,
  In a park where the peach-blossoms blew.
Where the lovers eloped in the dark,
  Lived, died, and were turned into two
Bright birds that eternally flew
  Through the boughs of the May as they sang;
'Tis a tale was undoubtedly true
  In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

ENVOY.

Come, snarl at my ecstasies, do,
  Kind critic, your tongue has a tang,
But a sage never heeded a shrew
  In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.
—*Andrew Lang, in Scribner.*

TOM AND THE CONGRESSMAN.

There was a little fellow among the New England hills, years ago, as there are many now, whose parents were poor. He could not remember the time when he wore shoes and stockings in the Summer. Sometimes in the Winter, when he was obliged to walk three miles to school, and wade through snowdrifts that did not melt until the last of May, he did wear such as his father had rejected, and a pair of shoes that slipped up and down every step he took. Nevertheless they were shoes and stockings; and he was infinitely prouder of them than any king living is of his crown.

One day, as Tom was plodding along with his old slip-shod shoes, puffing from exertion and blowing his blue fingers to keep them warm, there came dashing down the hill a sleigh such as the youngster had never seen; no indeed nor ever dreamed of. And the horse! Tom stopped blowing, so intense was his admiration of the elegant creature that came foaming and tossing its daintly arched neck right and left.

Tom sprang aside at the very last moment, and as he sank up to his chin in the light snow, tore off his old cloth cap from his head and bobbed up and down as if he were in the presence of the President.

"Jump on behind, my lad, jump on behind;" shouted the rider. And Tom did jump on at the peril of his life, and away they went, tearing along with great speed until over went the sleigh and out went the riders and buffaloes, and things generally.

Tom sprang to the horse's head, and clinging to the bit, the tips of his great cowhide shoes touching the snow, asked if the gentleman was hurt.

"Not a bit, my lad!" said he, shaking himself free of the snow. "Only warmed up a little. What's the damage?"

"Nothing, sir, that I see," replied Tom, his handsome face glowing with good-humor, as he yielded the horse to his owner.

"Well, then, my lad, get in and we'll try again. You are going to school, I see," added the stranger, as he gathered up the reins.

"Yes, sir,"

"How far?"

"Guess it is about two miles from here."

The gentleman turned and looked into his face, and then glanced all over Tom's figure, even to his feet.

"He sees my shoes," said Tom proudly, to himself, giving his feet a shove forward, to make certain that they should be seen.

The gentleman did see them, and smiled in spite of himself as he looked into Tom's face.

He then kindly pulled the warm furs around the boy's ears, and pulling his cap over his eyes shouted, "Go along, Nell!" And the chestnut mare, now thoroughly sobered, meekly commenced the ascent what is known thereabouts as the long hill. She was evidently accustomed to having her own way, for she availed herself of every little chance to rest, and did not allow herself to be pressed forward until the whip was applied.

Tom wondered what had possessed the creature a few minutes before. He scratched his head on the right side and then on the left, and finally his Yankee nature getting the better of his diffidence he asked:

"If you please, sir, what was it that made the mare run?"

"A stump," returned the gentleman, with a smile. "Nell is a little aristocratic and shies at plebian things. She does not know that a stump was the making of her master.

Tom scratched his head again and wriggled all over. Then out came the question "How could a stump be the making of a man?"

"My lad," answered the stranger, marking the white surface of the snow with his whiplash, "I was a poor boy, and my father could not afford to send me to school. We worked very hard, but I used to study evenings by the light of the fire, and learned the whole of the Latin grammar by the light of one pitch knot."

For a moment Tom sat perfectly still. Then he asked, as if ashamed of his ignorance:

"What's a Latin grammer, please sir?"

This last question aroused the gentleman, and becoming sensible that the little fellow at his side was thirsting for knowledge, he very kindly went over such parts of his history as he thought would be an interest to him, and ended by saying that he was a member of Congress.

The last announcement almost took the lad's breath away. He had heard of members of Congress, but he had an idea that they were myths, whom nobody ever saw. Perhaps the awe with which Tom regarded him as he glanced up sideways into his face flattered the gentleman, for he said, smilingly:

"You are just as likely to become a member of Congress as I. You know in America success is to the determined and brave If you study as I did, you may possibly rise as high—yes—perhaps higher!"

"But I haven't any Latin grammar, sir," said Tom.

"No? Well would you like one?" "Yes, sir," cried Tom, with flashing eyes.

"Well, my lad, I shall come this way again, and I will leave one at the school house for you."

"But I haven't any money."

"Never mind; you can pay me when you get to Congress."

"Thank you," said Tom: I won't forget it, sir."

The gentleman looked down at him with a quizzical smile, and the two rode on in silence until they reached the school house.

"Please don't forget the grammar," suggested Tom, as he lifted the old cap again.

"Not I,' returned the gentleman. "A man who cannot keep a promise should not make one—hey, my lad?"

Nell tossed her head, and the boy soon lost sight of the driver. Then he looked down at his shoes, at his coat, and his old cap as he hung it on a peg in the entry, and silently contrasted them all with the fur-trimmed over-coat and out-fit of the stranger. "Never mind," said Tom to himself, "I will have them too, when I am a member of Congress."

At the end of two weeks a bundle of books were left at the school house. There was not only a Latin grammar, but a well worn copy of "Virgil;" "Esop's Fables," and sundry other volumes such as Tom had never seen.

Pine knots were plentiful where Tom lived, and he sat up until midnight all the rest of the winter pondering over the mysteries of these books.

As good luck would have it, the schoolmaster, who boarded around with his pupils, had not eaten the rations due him at Tom's father's. When he arrived he entered warmly into the lad's ambitious projects, and as he had a smattering of Latin himself, was qualified to aid his pupil.

Although the schoolmaster was allowed the use of a tallow candle, he vastly preferred the more brilliant light of Tom's pine knot; so that as often as the long winter evenings set in, the master and pupil might be seen (and were seen) sitting before the large fire-place with their heads buried in the pages of the books, along which they plodded slowly, but to such purpose that at the end of the winter Tom could read his fable and solve his problem in a manner creditable to himself and master.

It was uphill work with poor Tom, but he never lost what little he gained, and managed to make what little he accomplished tell in the future.

One day his father brought home a stranger, and told Tom that he was apprenticed, during his minority, to this man, who would make him a blacksmith.

"But I am not going to be a blacksmith!' cried Tom in a passion; "I'm going to Congress!"

"The more need that you should learn to shoe the horse that carries you there," replied the father with a shrug.

Tom packed up his worldly goods, not forgetting his books, and trudged away to a distant village, where he pared horses' hoofs by day, and studied and read at night by stealth, for he was not allowed neither knot nor candle.

Six months the poor fellow was faithful to his duty; but one night when his master had thrown his grammar into the fire, and upbraided him for his disobedience, Tom took leave of the work-shop. He made his way, barefoot as he was, over bogs and briers until he ventured into the main road, and by dint of begging a ride now and then, reached the city, where as Ben Franklin had done before him—with his roll under his arm, he sought and obtained employment.

Perhaps the happiest day of Tom's life was when he found himself in the antiquarian bookstore with plenty of leasure, plenty of books, and nothing to fear from friend or foe. It was wonderful how he read—and read! The parched earth does not more greedily devour the Summer rain.

When his intellectual thirst was partialy satisfied he began to work. He saw the ladder he had to climb, and, seizing the lowest round, he made his way steadily upward. We all know by what steps an ambitious man makes progress—by patient toil—by self-denial—by courteous deportment—by the acquisition of knowledge.

Years passed by, during all of which Tom had looked in vain for his early friend, the stranger. In his timid awkwardness, he had not thought to ask the name of his benefactor, and the only opportunity to do so had been lost.

Well, years slid away, and Tom was elected member of Congress from the very county where he spent his struggling boyhood. He went to Washington, not in cowhide shoes and butternut colored homespun, but dressed something as imagination had pictured, as he looked after his benefactor on the eventful day of the sleigh-ride. A nobler looking man, the ladies in the galleries said, never had appeared upon the floor than this Yankee member, who, if he spoke through his nose, always drives his arrows home to the mark.

One day there appeared in the House the venerable form of an ex-member, whom all present delighted to honor. It needed but one glance at that genial face for Tom to recognize in him the giver of the Latin grammar. "He had come," he said, "to listen to the gentleman who had so manfully defended the right, and to wish him Godspeed!"

"If," said Tom, with his old modesty, "if it had been my good fortune to do anything for our country in the hour of her peril, I owe my ability to do so, in a great measure to yourself."

"To me!" echoed the astonished gentleman: to me; I do not recollect ever having had the pleasure of meeting you before in my life."

"Ah, sir, have you forgotten, then, the little school boy among the hills of New Hampshire, to whom you so kindly sold a Latin grammar?"

The gentleman mused.

"Sold—sold a Latin grammar. Now that you recall the incident, I do recollect a little fellow that interested me, and to whom I gave some school boooks."

"Well, sir, I am that boy. You told me that I might pay for them when I got to Congress. If you will honor me by meeting a few friends at dinner I will settle the bill."

USEFUL INFORMATION.

For the protection of iron exposed to the weather from rust a varnish composed as follows is recommended: One hundred part mercury, 10 parts tin, 20 parts green vitriol, 120 parts water, and 15 parts hydrochloric acid of 1.2 specific gravity.

Tea is as often adulterated as wine, and the detection of the spurious kind of tea is as difficult as in the case of wine. Good tea should contain 30 per cent. of extractive matter soluble in water, 7.5per cent. of tannin, not more than 6.4 per cent. of ash, and not less than 2 per cent. of ash soluble in water.

In *Dingler's Journal* V. L. Dagusan gives his method of forming artificial asphalt. Coal or wood tar is heated in a boiler until all the water it may contain is evaporated. He then adds finely powdered marble of limestone that had previously burned, stirs in 5 per cent. of iron oxide, silicate of potash and gypsum, and mixes the whole thoroughly.

A simple device, says the *Plumber*, is within the reach of every one having an ordinary window in his room, by which fresh outer air can be admitted in small quantity with such an upward current as will prevent its being felt as an injurious draught by the inmates. It is particularly adapted to sleeping-rooms when the weather is too cold to admit of an open window. Thus, start both top and bottom sashes of the window half an inch, which is not quite enough to clear the rebate or stop-beads at top and bottom, but which leaves an opening of an inch between the meeting rails through which a current enters, but diverted upward by the glass as it should be, so as not to fall directly to the floor, as its coolness might otherwise induce it to do. It thus becomes well mixed with the air of the room without being felt as a draught.

Naphtha.—The vexatious night-foes never met a more deadly enemy than naphtha, the lighter part of petroleum, sold under various names for from 25 to 30 cents per gallon. Procure a machine oiler; one that holds a pint is convenient. With this filled with naphtha go over in the same way as in oiling a sewing machine, visiting every joint and crack and flaw and spring, and even corners of mattresses. It does not spoil carpet or bedding or wall paper. Sofas and cribs may be drenched in that way, and, if daily applied, the cause soon ceases. Only one precaution should be observed: It must not be used at night, for the gas arising from the naphtha, if mixed with the atmosphere, becomes explosive if light be applied. Hence it might be unsafe in a room with a cook-stove, unless the fire be extinguished. The gas passes away in an hour. The same fluid is used to wash kid gloves. Wash like any cloth, and rinse till clean, changing the fluid.

Waste.

There must be, of necessity, a percentage of loss in all the material transactions of every-day life, whether these be carried on in the workshop, the counting-room, the kitchen, or the laboratory; but this inevitable waste can be so far reduced by good management that it amounts to but little in the course of a year. Observation has convinced us that the loss in large workshops must be considerable, for in a great majority of cases we have seen materials lying about under foot—bolts, nuts, washers, kicking around in the mud out in the yard, new work exposed to injury from the elements, tools misplaced, essential articles, or tools necessary to the perfection of certain parts of the work, at great distances from each other, and an infinite number of abuses which, although small of themselves, when summed up make a grand total loss at the end of the year. As the thirty-second part of an inch too little on one piece of a steam engine, a sixty-fourth on another, and as much on still another will result in great derangement of the functions of the machine, so infinitesimal waste, continually occurring, is the representative of hundreds of dollars for which there has been no return. No matter what the nature of the trade or manufacture, it is very certain that a material reduction of the expenses of every department can be made by careful attention to the minor matters, and these remarks are made with the hope that all interested will give them attention.

Neither Indian corn, nor potatoes, nor squashes, nor cabbage, nor turnips, were known in England till the opening of the tenth century. The peasants subsisted upon bread made of barley and ground in a hand-mill.

There are two things to which we never grow accustomed—the ravages of time and the injustice of our fellow-men.—*Talleyrand.*

How Old Is Glass?—The oldest specimen of pure glass bearing anything like a date is a little molded lion's head, bearing the name of an Egyptian King of the eleventh dynasty, in the Slade collection at the British Museum. That is to say, at a period which may be moderately placed as more than 2,000 years B. C., glass was not only made, but made with a skill which shows that the art was nothing new. The invention of glazing pottery with a film or varnish of glass is so old that among the fragments which bear inscriptions of the early Egyptian monarchy are beads possibly of the first dynasty. Of later glass there are numerous examples, such as a bead found at Thebes, which has the name of Queen Hatasoo or Hashep, of the eighteenth dynasty. Of the same period are vases and goblets and many fragments. It cannot be doubted that the story prepared by Pliny, which assigns the credit of the invention to the Phœnicians, is so far true that these adventurous merchants brought specimens to other countries from Egypt. Dr. Schliemann found disks of glass in the excavations at Mycenæ, though Homer does not mention it as a substance known to him. That the modern art of the glass-blower was known long before is certain from representations among the pictures on the walls of a tomb at Beni Hassan, of the twelfth Egyptian dynasty; but a much older picture, which probably represented the same manufacture, is among the half-obliterated scenes in a chamber of the tomb of Thy, at Sakkara, and dates from the time of the fifth dynasty, a time so remote that it is not possible, in spite of the assidu ous researches of many Egyptologers, to give it a date in years.—*Saturday Review.*

ALL SORTS.

George Pyle, a Wilmington (Del.) machinist, claims to have invented a machine which will turn out two horse-shoes in a second.

Some one has asserted that knowledge is equivalent to force; but the aphorism will not hold good at night in a bedroom infested by mosquitoes.

The Hungarians are exceedingly jealous of their identity as a distinct and sovereign people, and carefully preserve their national usages and language.

As the entrance fee to Masonic lodges in Turkey is so high that only the richest can join the order, the Turkish officers in Connecticut have united with a lodge in the land of steady habits.

A tourist new to the beer-drinking ways of the good people of Munich asked a lady presiding at a "bier halle" if her customers did not frequently become intoxicated. "Santa Maria! sir, they never get drunk, but they sometimes burst!"

There is a popular brewery in Munich called the Hofbrauhaus—Court brewery—in which noble and plebeian mingle freely, the best of lager, like the cold hand of death, rendering all equal. The quantity of beer they imbibe may be judged from the recent observations of a visitor, as recorded in a German newspaper. At 10:35 in the forenoon two fresh hogsheads were tapped. One of them was empty at 10:48 and the other at 10:51. This would be about 1,000 glasses sold in sixteen minutes.

A Wonderful Occurrence.

Since the days of Ben Franklin and the generation immediately following, it has been supposed that an umbrella is common property. Within the memory of the oldest man living, there has been found no exception to the rule until the time, when Dr. Warren Frazier, of this city, was on his way to St. Louis, and, chancing to put his umbrella down in the depot of the Ohio and Mississippi railroad at Cincinnati for a moment, returned and found it gone. He made diligent search, but left without finding it. To his astonishment, when he returned home he found awaiting him a letter from P. W. Williams, of Aurora, Ind., stating that he had taken it for his own, and had not discovered the mistake until he reached home, where he chanced to open it and found the doctor's name in it. He asked what should be done with it, and when advised sent it per express, prepaid. This is an extraordinary variation of the prevailing umbrella ethics of the country, and deserves commendation.
Lexington (Ky.) Press.

Why He Stole.

He had a wife.
His salary was $2,500 per annum
But she complained.
She wanted a better home
Better clothes.
Nothing fit to go out in
No country cottage.
Nor carriage,
Nor front pew.
Nor society.
She converted a place on the ragged edge of the select five hundred.
She kept it up
Night and day.
And moaned and
Groaned and
Growled and
Wept.
He lacked style, also.
As well as new clothes every six weeks and various other things.
He knew how his employer made hundreds daily on the street.
A thousand or so would not be missed for a few hours.
So he took it and went upon the street and won.
She got her seal skin.
He took more and lost.
More to get that back and lost.
More yet.
Defalcation discovered.
He wears the penitentiary check.
Others are going, too.
Beware.
Better is a modest room up two pair of back stairs than a cell in the Tombs.
And a plain woolen jacket rather than a pair of prison uniform pants on poor Charlie's legs.—[From the New York Graphic.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Any man can edit a newspaper, but it takes a genius to make 500 miles in six days.

Columbus made the egg stand, but Italians of less renown have made the pea-nut stand.

"That puts a different face on it," as the boy said when the ball struck the clock dial.

Whatever objection may be opposed to whipping, it is at least undeniable that it makes a boy smart.

The lilies of the fields have pistils, and every wide-awake citizen of fair Texas is "arrayed like one of these."

The lightning-rod man must be allowed a good profit, for when he sells out his business he never can get much for the good-will.

Little Gertie (after waiting some time for dessert)—"Uncle, don't you have anything after dinner?" Uncle—"Yes, dear; the dyspepsia."

A lady, a regular shopper, who had made an unfortunate clerk tumble over all the stockings in the store, objected that none of them were long enough. "I want," she said, "the longest hose that are made." "Then, madam," was the reply, "you had better apply to the next engine-house."

THE DEAREST LOVE.

A sister's love is charming,
  As everybody knows;
And a handsome cousin's love is nice
  (At least, I should suppose),
And the love of a true lover
  Is the love that cannot pall,
But the love of a new bonnet
  Is the dearest love of all!

Mother to her daughter, just 7 years old—"What makes you look so sad Carrie?" Carrie, looking at her baby brother, 3 weeks old—"I was just thinking that in about ten years from now, when I shall be entering company, and having a beau, that brother of mine will be just old enough to bother the life out of me."

A Rockland man read that one should endeavor to draw something useful from everything he saw, and nobly resolved to profit by the teaching. That night when the moon was hidden he essayed to draw a number of useful cord-wood sticks from his neighbor's woodpile, and got filled so full of rock-salt out of a gun that he won't be able to taste anything fresh for the balance of his natural life.

The round yellow pumpkin that the housewife has in eye for a nice batch of inch and a half deep pies, with under crust as brown as a berry, doesn't always show up when cooking-day comes round; but down behind the garden gate at the first approach of darkness she can see a fiendish face all aglow with fire. That's her favorite pumpkin, and the only wax-candle she had is inside of it.

The origin of "dog-days" is accounted for as follows: The great heat of July led to a superstition among the Romans; they conceived that this pre-eminent warmth, and the diseases and other calamities flowing from it, were somehow connected with the rising and and the setting of the star Canicula—the Little Dog—in coincidence with the sun. They accordingly conferred the name dog-days upon the period between the 3d of July and the 11th of August.

HER FOOT.

Just as she her coach was entering
  Did I see her foot one day—
Ah! what feeling overcame me!
  But what it was I cannot say.
Crazy like the coach I followed,
  Where it stopped I stopped again
And once more the wondrous vision
  Of that foot disturbed my brain
Not one instant I forget it
  Or in peace, or joy, or strife—
I never saw a larger foot—
  I never did in all my life!

An Editor's Vacation.

About six weeks ago a person entered our office and proposed to sell us a new-fangled "fountain pen." The rash young man at length mentioned as a recommendation that the pen held ink enough to last through twenty-four hours' incessant writing, and obviated the tedious necessity of dipping it in the ink-stand. Thereupon we exclaimed: "Dear young friend, would you deprive us of our vacation?" "I don't understand," he replied. "Why," said we, "the only vacation we get is while we are dipping our pen in the ink-stand, and no man shall deprive us of that. Please go away with your vacation extinguisher." He saw we were in earnest, and he went, not even daring to offer us one of his "fountains" as a gift, and we dipped our old-fashioned pen in our muddy old ink-stand and took a rest.—*Albany Law Journal.*

A Tennessee darkey preacher held forth recently as follows: "You girls call your sweethearts 'darlings,' and you men call yours 'daisies,' and you girls are afraid to come up here for fear some other girls will get off with your 'darlings,' and you men for fear some other fellow will get away with your 'daisies,' and," said he, "between this 'darling' and 'daisy' business, lots of you niggers are going straight to hell."

Mr. Talmage was asked in London what he had come there for. "I guess I came to get money," replied Talmage. "But," said the questioner, "I thought America was the place to make money?" "Yes, but in England it's already made," was the answer.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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Finding "Girl" in the Bible.

An English town missionary, a short time ago, related a remarkable incident. There was a lodging house in his district which he had long desired to enter, but he was deterred from so doing by his friend, who feared that his life would be thereby endangered. He became at length so uneasy that he determined to risk all consequences and try to gain admission. So one day he gave a somewhat timid knock at the door, in response to which a coarse voice roared out: Who's there?" and at the same moment a vicious looking woman opened the door and, ordered the man of God away.

"Let him come in and see who he is and what he wants," growled out the same voice. The missionary walked in, and, bowing politely to the rough-looking man whom he had just heard speak, said:

"I have been visiting most of the houses in the neighborhood to read with and talk to the people about good things. I have passed your door as long as I feel I ought, for I wish also to talk with you and your lodgers."

"Are you what is called a town missionary?"

"I am sir," was the reply.

"Well, then," said the fierce-looking man, "sit down and hear what I am going to say. I will ask you a question out of the Bible. If you answer me right you may call at this house and read with us and pray with us and our lodgers as often as you like; but if you do not answer me right we will tear your clothes off your back and tumble you into the street, neck and heels. Now, what do you say to that, for I'm a man of my word?"

The missionary was perplexed, but at length quietly said:

"I will take you."

"Well, then," said the man, "here goes. Is the word girl in any part of the Bible? If so, where can it be found and how often? Than is my question."

"Well, sir, the word girl is in the Bible, but only once, and may be found in the words of the Prophet Joel, iii., 3. The words are: 'And sold a girl for wine, that they might drink.'"

"Well," replied the man, "I am dead beat; I durst to have bet five pounds you could not have told." "And I could not have told yesterday," said the visitor. "For several days I have been praying that the Lord would open me a way into this house, and this very morning, when reading the Scriptures in my family, I was surprised to find the word girl, and got the concordance to see if it occurred again, and found it did not. And now, sir, I believe that God did know and does know what will come to pass, and surely His hand is in this for my protection and your good."

The whole of the inmates were greatly surprised, and the incident has been overruled to the conversion of the man, his wife and two of the lodgers.

The Philosophy of Blowing Out a Candle.

If we blow a fire it burns more fiercely, but if we blow a candle it goes out. These two facts taken together are a familiar illustration of the influence of temperature upon chemical affinity. In both cases, that of the fire and that of the candle, the burning is the combining of carbon and hydrogen with oxygen. Now cold carbon or hydrogen may lie in contact with oxygen for any length of time without combining with either, but if the substances are made red-hot they instantly enter into chemical combination. When a candle is burning, the heat generated by the combustion constantly raises new quantities of the material to the temperature at which combination with oxygen will take place, and thus the combustion is kept up. But if a current of air of a temperature far below the combustion point is thrown against the flame, the hot vapors are swept away, and others which are rising in their place are so cooled that combination with oxygen no longer continues; in other words, the candle ceases to burn.

On the other hand, when we blow a large fire, the mass of burning combustion is so great that, instead of the carbon and hydrogen being cooled, the oxygen is heated, and the combination is made more active; in other words, the fire burns more fiercely.

New York Ticket Speculators.

During steamboat navigation the best state-rooms are taken up by speculators. In winter the same class devotes itself to the theaters, in purchasing the best seats. When an extraordinary attraction occurs, half the house may be taken in advance, and those who wish to see the performance can do so by paying a premium. The managers say the case is hopeless; they cannot refuse the seats to any one who offers the price. The speculators show great tact. They make opera and star engagements their harvests, and $250 have been made in one night. The speculator knows the capacity of every theater, and the attractive power of every performer. This, with a capital of $200, enables him to make a handsome living. There is no remedy except for theater-goers to buy tickets early, but this is seldom done, and hence the speculator may be considered a permanent institution. Some of them have been years in the business, and find it easy to make a good living, as their profits average $100 a night through the season.

A worthy minister in the west of Scotland was regularly annoyed in the forenoon by a sleepy carrier. In the course of visiting, Saunders was remonstrated with for his drowsiness, and pleaded as an excuse heavy work and porridge for breakfast. His clerical guide advised tea, but to this Saunders demurred, as tea "woulna lie on his stomach." It happened one very warm day that the minister felt sorely annoyed at the hearty snore of Saunders, who sat in the gallery. Stopping suddenly in the middle of his sermon, the reverend gentleman, who knew every member of his congregation, called out to one John Blunt to awaken Saunders. This having been done, to the bewilderment of the sleeper, he was thus addressed: "Saunders, this will never do. Ye maun either no' come to the kirk in the forenoon or tak' a tea breakfast."

Europe's Rich City.

Frankfort-on-the-Main, now containing a population of about 100,000, is reputed to be the richest city of its size in the whole world. If its wealth were equally divided among its inhabitants, every man, woman and child would have, it is said, 20,000 marks, or some $5,000 apiece. There are as may be supposed a good many very poor people in the town; but the citizens are, as a whole, in unusually comfortable circumstances, more so probably than the citizens of any other capital in Germany or Europe. It is asserted that there are 100 Frankforters worth from $4,000,000 to $5,000,000 each, and 250 who are worth $3,000,000 and upward. The city is one of the great banking centers of the globe. Its aggregate banking capital is estimated at $200,000,000, more than one-fourth of which the famous Rothschilds, whose original and parent house is there, own and control. The annual transactions in bills of exchange are in excess of $100,000,000. Its general trade and manufacturing industries have greatly increased since the formation of the German empire, to which Frankfort was originally averse, being a free city and an opponent of Prussia until coerced in July, 1866, by Gen. Von Falkenstein, who entered it at the head of an army and imposed a fine of 31,000,000 florins for its insubordination. Frankfort is such a place for conventions and assemblies of all sorts that it is very apt to be full of strangers, and is consequently very expensive and by no means satisfactory to tarry in.

What Makes the Difference?

It is said that American children are spoiled by over-indulgence, and are consequently ill-behaved and bad-mannered, but Japanese children, who are treated with extraordinary deference, and made a vast deal of, are reputed to be the quietest and pleasantest. Travelers in Japan say that nothing is denied there to a child; his or her question receives a ready answer from the most silent, and his request is granted by the most churlish. All persons, in every grade of life, show little folks uniform courtesy and gentleness, and why these do not take advantage of this over-regard and tenderness, as they do in the United States, is beyond explanation, unless we admit that there is a marked difference in the race. The Japanese mother, however, is far from being so happy as her American sister. She is so wholly subordinated to the child as to be injured and degraded. The father often beats her because the child has fallen down or met with an accident. She has only two functions in his eyes—to bear children and enslave herself for them after their birth. The effect of such superabundant care and devotion is bad, too, upon the child, who grows up without self-understanding or self-reliance. Certainly, this is not true of our offspring, and it is curious to observe what a remarkable difference is developed in the East and West by well nigh the same treatment.

Mixed Relationship.

A telegram was received in Colorado a few days since directing the proper authorities to arrest a young man who, it was alleged, had run away with his aunt. "I have an order for your arrest," remarked the officer, addressing the supposed criminal. "For what?" "You have been running away with your aunt." "My aunt? Why, she's my wife!" "But wasn't she your aunt before she became your wife? You see, we don't tolerate these kinds of goings on out in Colorado." "I suppose you were never in Utah?" remarked the young man, after he had completed his survey of the detective. "No." "Well, as you don't understand the relations of an aunt and nephew in that Territory, I suppose I ought to explain them to you, and then, perhaps, you may see your duty plainer. My father married my mother." "I suppose so." "Then he married her sister," continued the stranger, without heeding the interruption. "Then he married the sister of his brother-in-law; then the daughter of his uncle, who was a cousin to his first two wives; then he married her daughter; and a son of this wife married my sister, who was also a widow of one of the other wives' sons. I suppose you are following me?" interjected the narrator. "Marry your aunt or your grandmother either, or both of them." "And you won't arrest me?" "No; you might be your own father."

Sloker's Brass Band.

Old Sloker got married last week, and he went to his wife a day or two ago and told her he was going to make her a present.

"Is it a new silk dress?" she huskily inquired, while her eyes sparkled like the optics of a half-famished bloodhound.

"No, it ain't a dress!" carolled old Sloker, with a smile.

"Well, what is it? Tell me and put me out of misery."

"I am going to buy you a brass band."

"I don't want one."

"O, yes you do," persisted Sloker; "you know you do, and I am just going to get it for you."

"Who wants a lot of Dutchmen around the place?" sighed Mrs. S., tears beginning to form in her pensive eyes.

"There ain't no Dutchmen," explained Sloker, as he rolled on the floor, and almost destroyed himself with laughter. "There ain't no Dutchmen; this band is a bracelet."

Then Mrs. S. dried away her mental dew-drops and smiled as sweet as a summer rose kissed by dawn.

Toads in Trees and Stones.

A large toad was found a few years ago in an old apple tree at Wonham Manor; it came to light when the tree was blown down. The "Memoires of the French Academie des Sciences" contain a description of a live toad found in the heart of an old elm tree. Near Nantes, when an old oak was cleft open, a toad was found in the very heartwood, although no crevice or other channel of entrance could be detected; there were about ninety rings in the trunk of this oak, leading to the inference (according to one theory) that the animal must have been in his prison-house ninety years. Mr. Jesse, in reference to a frog found in the trunk of a mulberry-tree, expressed a belief that the annual rings had been gradually but surely inclosing the reptile. Toads in clay have been more frequently met with than in trees; sometimes a whole family have been thus ferreted out at once. In 1856 a toad was found at a considerable depth at Benthall, near Brosely, Shropshire. Mr. Bathurst, earthenware manufacturer at Benthall, ascertained that the creature was met with about six feet beneath the surface, in a layer of tough clay customarily used for making coarse brown ware. Above this layer, in successive strata, were ferruginous coal of poor quality, clay, a loam of clay and gravel, and meadow-turf at the top. The toad was found filling a cavity as wax does a seal. A minute examination of the superincumbent strata failed to detect any fissure through which the animal could have entered. The light of day seemed at first to distress it, but this it soon became accustomed to; the eyes were brilliant, the skin moist, the mouth quite closed.—*Chambers' Journal.*

M. FALCONNET, who was a clever physician, was called in by a hypochondriac. The lady declared that she ate, drank and slept well. "Ah!" said the doctor, "come quick; let me give you some medicine, and we shall soon get rid of all that!"—*French paper.*

IMPORTANT LETTER

From a Distinguished Physician.

NO single disease has entailed more suffering or hastened the breaking up of the constitution than Catarrh. The sense of smell, of taste, of sight, of hearing, the human voice, the mind, one or more and sometimes all yield to its destructive influence. The poison it distributes throughout the system attacks every vital force, and breaks up the most robust of constitutions. Ignored because but little understood by most physicians, impotently assailed by quacks and charlatans, those suffering from it have little hope to be relieved of it this side of the grave. It is time, then, that the popular treatment of this terrible disease by remedies within the reach of all passed into hands at once competent and trustworthy. The new and hitherto untried method adopted by Dr. Sanford in the preparation of his RADICAL CURE has won my hearty approval. I believe it likely to succeed when all the usual remedies fail, because it strikes at the root of the disease, viz., the *acidified blood*, while it heals the ulcerated membrane by direct application to the nasal passages. Its action is based on certain fixed rules, and unless the vital forces are too far exhausted, must, in the great majority of cases, effect a cure.

GEO. BEARD, M. D.
NORSCOTT BLOCK, So. FRAMINGHAM, Oct. 1, 1874.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE

MAY safely claim to be one of the few popular remedies receiving the approval of medical gentlemen, who, in private, not only freely recommend it but use it in their families in preference to any of the preparations usually prescribed by physicians.

"You are aware," said a distinguished city physician, "that my obligations to the Mass. Medical Society are such that I cannot publicly recommend or prescribe the Radical Cure; but since I received so much relief from the use of it myself, after a thorough trial of the usual remedies, I have privately advised its use, and presume I have sent to your store no less than one hundred of my patients for it."

UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION.

GENTLEMEN,—We have sold SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE for nearly one year, and can say candidly that we never sold a similar preparation that gave such universal satisfaction. We have to learn the first complaint vet.

We are not in the habit of recommending patent medicines, but your preparation meets the wants of thousands, and we think those afflicted should be convinced of its great merit so that their suffering will be relieved. We have been in the drug business for the past twelve years constantly, and sold everything for Catarrh, but yours leads all the rest. If you see proper you can use this letter or any part of it that you wish.

Very truly yours, S. D. BALDWIN & CO.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Drugs, Books and Stationery, Washington, Ind., Feb. 23, 1876.

Each package contains Dr. Sanford's Improved Inhaling Tube, and full directions for use in all cases. Price, $1.00. For sale by all wholesale and retail druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Canadas. WEEKS & POTTER, General Agents and Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

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ELECTRICITY

As a grand curative and restorative agent is not equalled by any element or medicine in the history of the healing art. Unless the vital spark has fled the body, restoration by means of electricity is possible. It is the last resort of all physicians and surgeons, and has rescued thousands, apparently dead, from an untimely grave, when no other human agency could have succeeded. This is the leading curative element in this Plaster.

BALSAM AND PINE.

The healing properties of our own fragrant balsam and pine and the gums of the East are too well known to require description. Their grateful, healing, soothing, and strengthening properties are known to thousands. When combined in accordance with late and important discoveries in pharmacy, their healing and strengthening properties are increased tenfold. In this respect our Plaster is the best in use without the aid of electricity.

TWO IN ONE.

Thus combined we have two grand medical agents in one, each of which performs its function and unitedly produce more cures than any liniment, lotion, wash, or plaster ever before compounded in the history of medicine. Try one. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

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20 Chromo Cards (perfect beauties) with name, 10c Outfit, 10c. TURNER CARD CO., Ashland, Mass.

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To Have Good Health, the Liver must be kept in order; its unhealthy action causes Bilious Attacks, Jaundice, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Headache, Bowel Complaints, Seasickness, and other Disorders.

The Liver is the seat of malarial diseases. The Liver Invigorator protects the system from Miasmatic influences. It Purifies the Blood, Regulates the Bowels, Assists Digestion, and Strengthens the System.

The Liver Invigorator has been used in my practice and by the public, for more than 35 years, with unprecedented results.

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ANY DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU ITS REPUTATION.

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FULL LINE OF GLOVES, HOSIERY, TRUNKS AND VALISES.

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Prompt attention given to orders by mail

PIONEER HARDWARE STORE,

GEORGE PEOPLES,

Having Purchased the Entire Business of R. C. SEIP & CO. I Shall Put in

NEW CAPITAL, NEW STOCK

IN EVERY LINE, AND BE PREPARED TO SUPPLY EVERYTHING USUALLY KEPT IN HARDWARE STORES AT LOWER PRICES THAN HERETOFORE.

COOK STOVES,

Enough to Supply the whole Region Bought and Shipped at Low Rates.

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Large Stock of Pocket Knives, Shears and scissors.

Corner main and Third St., Bismarck, D. T.

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LOCAL LEVIES.

Dunn & Co., Druggists, No. 92 Main street.

Deadwood has plenty of water by its water works system.

THE TRIBUNE wishes its many friends a happy New Year.

It is reported that wolves are very thick on the line to the Hills.

It is a singular co-incident that New Years and the 1st day of January come on the same day.

E. Menkus and wife, having closed out their business in this city, leave for Deadwood next week.

The Coulson line of steamboats carried 41,806,601 pounds of freight on the Missouri river for 1879.

Fargo is trying to show that she handles more private freight than Bismarck. Its wheat to be remembered.

Bismarck has not been boistrous during the holidays. The only "punching" heard of was that of milk.

If there was a system of water works in this city there would be over five thousand trees planted next season.

The article on Bismarck's freighting interests in a recent issue of THE TRIBUNE was extensively copied as an eye-opener.

Discourses at City Hall Sunday next at 11 a. m. "Fulness of Christ's Salvation;" 7 p. m. "time." J. M. Ball, Pastor M. E. Church.

The hop given at Fargo Christmas eve, by the Qui Vive Club was a pronounced success. It was given in honor of Gen. Nelson A. Miles.

Judge Bowen, the N. P. local land agent in this city, has sold over $4,000 worth of lots in the new railroad addition in the vicinity of the new church.

A letter from Hallett & Keating, Leadville, states that they sold over $1,100 worth of goods in three days and had not yet received half their stock.

The fire company has paid Ed Rickett at the rate of fifty dollars a month since he was injured at the recent fire. And they pay his doctor's bill also.

The Champion Hall dance last evening was well patronized. It was gotten up by the hotel boys for the benefit of a worthy old steamboat cook, John Kinney.

The new Sisters school house is completed and school will commence next Monday, Jan. 5th. This addition to Bismarck's educational interests is quite an item.

This winter is not a circumstance to that of 1872-3, when the wind howled like mad, with the thermometers frozen up for days at a time. The pioneers of Bismarck remember those days.

The fire company have let a contract to C. S. Weaver & Co. for the construction of the tower for the fire bell. It will be forty-four feet high. The flag staff eighteen feet. The company is doing this at its own expense.

Advertisers should remember that THE TRIBUNE'S circulation at the various military posts up and down the river is larger than that of all other territorial papers combined. There are over 500 copies sent to Mandan and the military posts.

There is absolutely nothing in the crazy report started from Deadwood that a Bismarck and Deadwood coach had been robbed and a passenger killed, except that a passenger actually killed an antelope which came within gun shot of the coach which is said to have been robbed.

The city having purchased one of the Dunkelberg tanks for the fire company, is now ready for business and carries in addition to ten barrels of water, fifty lbs of soda, four charges of vitral, two roof ladders, hooks, chains, ropes, etc., making a complete equipment. This outfit at the last fire would have saved Dan Eisenberg's building.

The children's concert under the management of their teacher, Mrs. O. S. Goff, came off, as announced, on the 23d to a full house. All were pleased and the children showed in the singing of their songs the care and cultivation of their teacher. It was a success. The proceeds were donated for the purchase of maps for the use of the children in the primary department of the school.

Bismarckers, when they visit Mandan, should call and see Messrs. Bush & McBrearty, proprietors of the Palace Restaurant and Chop House. There is not a finer place in Bismarck than this. Everything is new and neat. Both gentlemen are well known as former residents of this city. Jas. Hogan, superintendent of the eating department, is a thorough cook and a hearty good fellow.

Letter List.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in the Bismarck Post Office, for the week ending, Friday, Dec. 26, 1879:

Barrows D S	Lyon Mrs
Blanchard E E 2	Learner Hugh
Butler Eliza	Lannon Thomas
Brown Mrs Mary	Morris Henry
Barrows O L	McDonald Liza
Cooper Franklin	Myers L 2
Carson Fannie	Meagher Miss J M
Campbell Philander	Marshall Pochohontas
Collins Robert	Nolan Katie
Dean Howard	Ormsbee Hurbert
Dixon John	Parks Berry
Gardner Chas	Woolridge Mrs Anna
Griggs Arthur	Ward H R 2
Hood Edward	Wardis Francis
Horr John C	Walden Lew
Kroh Chas	Wood Wm E
Kimball C W	Youngblood Emma
Knight Albert	

If the above letters are not called for in Thirty Days they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office at Washington. Persons calling for any of the above will please say "Advertised Letters," and give date of list. C. A. LOUNSBERRY, P. M.

Bound to Do It.

Sig Hanauer is going to Europe and will, for the sake of raising money to go with, sell anything you want between now and New Years at sacrificing prices. Come and secure the best bargains ever offered, as this is no humbug but plain truth.

Grand Opening of Christmas Goods this week at
W. A. HOLLEMBAEK'S

By The Gallon.

Chas. Kupitz will hereafter deal in Booth's best select Oysters by the gallon instead of the can. Call and see them and know what you are buying. They are the largest and best oysters sold.

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic builds up all who have been reduced and weakened by sickness.

Cameo and artistic gold sets at
DAY & PLANTS.

Choice Turkeys,

Chickens,
Ducks,
Geese,
Partridges,
CHAS. KUPITZ.

Proposals For Wood.

Sealed Proposals will be received at the office of the N. W. E. S. & T. Co. until Monday, Jan. 5th, 10 o'clock a. m., for furnishing 700 cords of cotton wood to be delivered at the Ferry landing, Ft. Lincoln, D. T.

BISMARCK FERRY CO.
Bismarck, D. T., Dec. 31, 1879.

Just Received

Soused Pigs Feet,
Tripe,
Lambs Tongues,
Pig's Tongues at
CHAS. KUPITZ.

A Bargain.

James Bardon, of Superior City, Wisconsin, desires to sell, lease or exchange for real estate or other good property, his Circular Saw Mill; also his Shingle mill, both steam power, located at that place. Write to him for descriptions, prices and full particulars. 32-33

Received.

A car-load of Dressed Hogs and am able to sell at very low figures. Come and see me.
CHAS. KUPITZ.

Money to Loan.

Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers,
M. P. SLATTERY,
12m4 Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

Toilet Articles,

Perfumery, of all kinds, etc. at
W. A. HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Saved From the Great Fire.

The St. Paul Branch Clothing House has been saved and for this great mercy will sell at slaughtering prices boys, childrens and mens' overcoats and suits, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS GOOD WINTER CAPS, BOOTS SHOES, etc.

Tobaccos.

Best Brands of Plug and Fine Cut, and Choicest Cigars at W. A. HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Wanted.

A good girl to do general house work, to whom steady employment will be given for the winter. Apply to P. M. Johnston, Cannon Ball River, or at this office.

Window Glass,

All sizes and cut to order at
W. A. HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Elegant assortment of Meerschaum Pipes, Cigar and Cigarette Holders, etc., at
HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Does It by Gas.

Teeth extracted without pain by the aid of Nitrous Oxide Gas, at Dr. Conger's dental rooms Merchants hotel.

The Very Purest

Wines, Whiskies and Liquors of all kinds in any quantity at W. A. HOLLEMBAEK'S.

New Mess Pork at
CHAS. KUPITZ.

Money to Loan. F. J. CALL.

Protect your Eyes.

and save expense by obtaining Lamp Shades at
W. A. HOLLEMBAEK'S.

For Sale.

The Whitehouse saloon, No. 23 Main Street, together with the fixtures, is offered for sale. The place enjoys a good patronage and is offered at a rare bargain.
30tf C. BERKLEMANN.

New Navy Beans at
CHAS. KUPITZ.

E. L. Strauss & Bro.,
WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELERS,
BISMARCK, D. T.

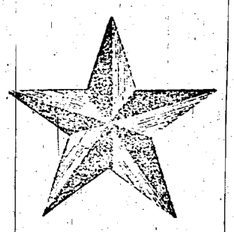
SHERIDAN HOUSE
Livery Stable,
First-Class in Every Respect.
NEW AND ELEGANT TURN-OUTS
Hacks to all parts of the City. Boats. Fort Lincoln and Mandan.
Office for the present at Ben Ash's stable cor. Fifth and Thayer Streets.
STOVELL & LAIB, Proprietors

ELDER & CO.,
Proprietors
Pacific Saloon,
Cor. 4th and Meigs Streets.
First-Class Liquors and best brands of Cigars Centrally located and the popular resort of the Boys. 26tf

Bismarck and Ft. Buford
STAGE AND EXPRESS
AND
U. S. MAIL.

Leave Bismarck for Fort Buford and intervening points Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8 a. m., making the full trip in five days.
Stages will leave Fort Buford on same days as from Bismarck, at 6 a. m.
For express, freigth or passage apply to
JOHN LEASURE,
Agent, at J. W. Raymond & Co's, or to
LEIGHTON & JORDAN, Fort Buford.

SUITS. SUITS. SUITS.
Over Coats.
Over Coats.
Over Coats.
Made to Order at the
St. P. B. C. H.

REMEMBER

THE PLACE

The Star Clothing House,
Cor. Main & 4th Sts., Bismarck,
Is offering some astonishing bargains in Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods. Mr. Eppinger has a very large and complete stock and guarantees satisfaction to his customers.

REED'S


GILT EDGE
TONIC
—IS A—
THOROUGH REMEDY
for disorders of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, indigestion and disturbances of the animal forces which debilitate, it has no equivalent, and can have no substitute. It should not be confounded with the fritturated compounds of cheap spirits and essential oils, often sold under the name of Bitters.
FOR SALE BY
DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND WINE MERCHANTS Everywhere.

Dry Goods,

Dry Goods,

AT

DAN EISENBERG'S.

NO. 8 FOURTH STREET.

Fine Russia Leather Work Boxes, Fine Russia Leather Jewel Cases
" " " Writing Desks, Ladies' Pearl Card Cases,
" " " Dressing Cases, " Russia Pocket Books.

Also a very large and complete assortment of

Velvet and Easel Picture Frames,

Albums, and Passeportous, Ink Stands, Japanese Goods

In fact a fine assortment of Notions and Novelties for the Holidays.

COME ONE AND ALL AND EXAMINE MY FULL STOCK.

J. B. BAILEY & CO.,
Have
RE-OPENED
At their Old Place of Business with a Full Stock of
HARDWARE, TINWARE, ETC.

REMEMBER
That the best place in the City to buy Fine Goods is at
DAY & PLANTS
28½ MAIN STREET.
They have just received an elegant assortment of all kinds of Jewelry consisting of Gentlemen's and Ladies' fine gold Watches, Chains, Bracelets, Rings, Cameo and artistic Gold Sets, Diamond Studs, pure water, Pins, Buttons, etc., Elegant gold Neck Chains, Lockets, Charms and Crosses, which they are selling at Eastern prices. These goods are all guaranteed to be what they are represented.

MRS. LINN,
FASHIONABLE MILLINER AND DRESSMAKER.
26 North Third Street. Bismarck, D. T.

Bismarck Flouring Mills,
BISMARCK, DAKOTA.
BENNETT & BURT, Proprietors.
Manufacture the Choicest of Brands of Family Flour.
"PRIDE OF BISMARCK,"
AND
"BURT'S BEST"---PATENT PROCESS.
Warrantrd to give entire satisfaction. Also keep constantly on hand
Corn Meal, Feed, Graham, Flour, Bran and Shorts.
Orders given will be promptly attended to and delivered free to any part of the city.

J. C. CADY,
Furniture and Undertaking,
No. 19 NORTH THIRD ST., BISMARCK, D. T.
PICTURE FRAMES, MOULDINGS, ETC.

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